PR
2864
A2H79

Cornell University Library

FROM THE INCOME OF THE
FISKE ENDOWMENT FUND
THE BEQUEST OF
Willard Fiske
Librarian of the University 1868-1883
1905

A291230 11/XII/14

3184

Cornell University Library
PR 2864.A2H79

The merry devil of Edmonton.



3 1924 013 144 377

olin



The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

http://www.archive.org/details/cu31924013144377

THE MERRY DEVIL OF EDMONTON.

SHAKESPEARE'S DOUBTFUL PLAYS.

THE MERRY DEVIL OF EDMONTON.

Edited, With An Introduction And Notes, By

A. F. HOPKINSON.



London:
M. E. SIMS & Co.,
DELANCEY STREET, CAMDEN TOWN.
MDCCCCXIV.
S

A.291230

INTRODUCTION.

THE MERRY DEVIL OF EDMONTON was entered on the Stationers' books October 22, 1607, for Arthur Johnson. Seventeen years later, on June 21, 1624, there was a transfer of copyright from Johnson to Francis Faulkner. There was in all probability a further transfer, between 1631 and 1655, from Faulkner to William Gilbertson. On Sep. 9, 1653, Humphrey Moseley, the bookseller, re-entered it at Stationers' Hall as by Shakespeare; this entry is of some importance and will be fully considered below. In 1608 the play was published by Johnson:—*The Merry Devill of Edmonton. As it hath beene sundry times Acted by his Maiesties Seruants at the Globe on the banke-side. London, Printed by Henry Ballard, for Arthur Johnson, dwelling at the signe of the White-horse in Paules Church-yard, ouer against the great North dore of Paules.* 1608. 4to. Further impressions were issued by Johnson in 1612 and 1617, in quarto. Coincident with the various transfers of copyright, editions were published by F. Faulkner in 1626 and 1631, *Printed by A. M. for Francis Faulkner, and are to be sold at his Shoppe*

neere vnto S. Margarites Hill in Southwark. Q. 5, (1631) was *Printed by T. P. for Francis Faulkner, etc.* A sixth quarto appeared in 1655, *Printed by W. Gilbertson, and are to be sold at his Shop at the Sign of the Bible in Giltspur-street, without Newgate.* As regards text there is not much to choose between any of these quartos; they all more or less contain obscurities, if not actual corruption. The later edition sometimes corrects an error of its predecessor, and sometimes inserts an independent reading. Q. 4, 5, and 6 are chiefly remarkable for the squeamishness of their editors, who apparently had a wholesome fear of the penalties entailed by the statute (3 Jac. 1. c. 21) against the use of profane oaths, for they have softened ''s blood', 's foot', and 'zounds' into 'blood', 'foot' and 'nouns'.

Time of writing.—There is no internal evidence (the supposed allusion to the battle of St. Quentin's, Aug. 10, 1557, in i. 2, cannot be taken) that enables one to fix the date of composition. Of external evidence on the point, the earliest date limit would be 1597-8; the words on the title-page, 'as it was acted by his Majesty's Servants at the Globe', refer to a revival after 1603. The latest possible date of composition is 1604, when the play is mentioned in the *Black Book*, by T. M., (entered March 22 of that year) being coupled with T. Heywood's *A Woman Killed With Kindness*, thus:—'Give him leave to see *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, or *A Woman Killed*

With Kindness. On this evidence I am disposed to fix the time of writing towards the close of 1598, after the appearance of Shakespeare's second part of *Henry IV*, and before *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, two plays to which *The Merry Devil* bears many resemblances. That the earlier date limit is nearer the mark in settling the question does not, I think, admit of doubt.

In a poem printed in 1600, called *Letting of Humours Blood in the Head-Vaine*, occurs this couplet—

> 'I care no more to kill them in bravedo,
> Than for to drink a pipe of Trinedado.'

In *The Merry Devil*, v. 2, 56-7, Smug says:—

> 'Fire, 's blood, there is no fire in England like your *Trinidado sack. Is any man here humorous?*

Is this an allusion to the poem? If so, it upsets my theory of early date of composition, 1597-8, and shows that it could not have been written until 1600 or after, unless copies of the poem were handed about in MS. some years before it was printed, which appears to have been not unusual in those days.

Stage history of the play.—If *The Merry Devil* was written towards the close of 1598, it was in all probability first acted at the Curtain theatre before the end of the year; that playhouse was occupied by the Chamberlain's men from 1597 to the commencement of 1599, when they removed to the Globe

then newly built. Shakespeare was of that company, and it is very likely he was cast for one of the characters in it. There is no evidence to show that the play was ever acted by another company, and the inference is that it remained in the possession of the Chamberlain's players and their successors for years, and was frequently revived by them; the mention of it in *The Black Book*, 1604, is evidence that it was then on the stage. On May 3, 1618, *The Merry Devil* was performed before the King and Court, at Whitehall, by the King's men; Hemings was paid for the presentation on May 15:—'To the said John Heminges upon a Warrant dated 15 May 1618 for presenting before his Majesty the thirde of May, the Merry Divell of Edmonton. $x^{li.}$' Cunningham's *Revels Accounts*.

That the play retained its popularity on and off the scene during the greater portion of the seventeenth century, is proved by the numerous editions, and the frequent allusion to it by contemporary writers. In the Prologue to Ben Jonson's comedy, *The Devil is an Ass*, acted in 1616, the following lines are found:—

> 'If you 'll but come
> To see more plays, pray you afford us room,
> And show this but the same face you have done
> Your dear delight the Devil of Edmonton.'

Again, in the Prologue to *The Witch of Edmonton*:—

> 'The town of Edmonton hath lent the stage

A Devil and a Witch, both in an age.
To make comparisons it were uncivil
Between so even a pair, a Witch and Devil.'

Again, *Idem*, iii. 1 :—

'If ever there were an honest devil, 't will be the Devil of Edmonton, I see.'

Again, *Hey for Honesty*, 1651, ii. 3 :—

'What melancholy devil hath possessed thee? I am sure it is no merry one. This madness doth not smell of Edmonton.'

Towards the close of the seventeenth century the play was revived, with Mr. Betterton as Sir Ralph Jerningham; Mountfort, Raymond Mounchensey; Underhill, Smug the smith; Kynaston, Fabell; and Mrs Bracegirdle, Millicent Clare. Where is the playbill of the present day that shows such a galaxy of talent? In those days the planets of the stage appeared in conjunction; now it is one star. Mrs Bracegirdle as Millicent Clare! Think of that, Master Brook!

Here will be a fitting place to mention a scrap of stage history which may possibly have some bearing on the play under discussion. It relates to the performance of a play, called *Sir John Oldcastle*, by Shakespeare's company, at Somerset House, before Lord Hunsdon and the Ambassadors from the Spanish Low Countries, on March 6, 1600. The circumstance is related in a letter from Rowland Whyte to Sir Robert Sidney, dated from Baynard's Castle,

Mar. 6, 1600:—'All this weeke the lords have beene in London, and past away the tyme in feasting and plaies; for Vereiken dined upon Wednesday with my lord Treasurer, who made hym a roiall dinner; upon Thursday my Lord Chamberlain feasted hym, and there in the afternoone his plaiers acted before Vereiken *Sir John Old Castell* to his great contentment. Which *Sir John Oldcastle* was it? At the time there were three Sir John Oldcastles on the stage; one in *The Famous Victories of Henry V.*, another in the drama by Drayton, Munday, Wilson, and Hathaway, and Shakespeare's Sir John Oldcastle, which a short time before had been altered to Falstaff. I can hardly think it was the Oldcastle of *The Famous Victories*, for therein he makes but a passing appearance, and the drama could not consistantly be called after his name. Neither could it have been Drayton and Munday's *Sir John Oldcastle*, for that belonged to a rival company. As to Shakespeare's character, it is quite possible that one of the parts of *Henry IV.* was meant. Whyte may have been familiar with the play before the change from Oldcastle to Falstaff was made, and in writing about it called the play by the name the chief character had originally borne. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps conjectures there was another play in which Sir John Oldcastle was a character. In support, he quotes from Howell's *Familiar Letters*, II. 71:—'Ale is thought to be much adulterated, and nothing so good

as Sir John Oldcastle and Smug the Smith was us'd to drink.' Again, from Randolph's *Hey for Honesty*, 1651:—'The sink is paved with the rich rubies and incomparable carbuncles of Sir John Oldcastle's nose.' In *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, v. 2, 55, Host Blague, addressing either Sir Ralph Jerningham, or Sir John the priest of Enfield, who was much addicted to drinking ale with Smug the Smith, says—'thou shalt carry fire in thy face eternally.' I think there can be no doubt these allusions were meant to apply to *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*. On these premisses Mr. Fleay plausibly conjectures that Sir John in *The Merry Devil* must have been originally called Sir John Oldcastle. In support of his conclusion he says:—'I have also found a trace of the name Oldcastle in the unexplained passage in the last scene, in which no entrance of Sir John is marked. The Host says,—'How now, my old Jenert's bank, my horse, my castle!' I conjecture that the MS. from which this was printed stood thus:—

'Old J. enters castle, Banks. | *Host.* How now, my, my, my horse!'

The Host is astounded with the trick played with his sign. The printer not seeing this, thrust the marginal direction into the text, hence the astounding reading of the editions.' *Bio. Chron. English Drama*, II. 314. It is singular, as Mr. Fleay remarks, that Sir John Oldcastle should have been used as the name of a priest; apart from the probability of

the play being abridged or mutilated in some parts, I think there must have been a stroke of satire intended in the circumstance. It will be remembered that Shakespeare had been compelled, or yielded to the pressure the influence of the Brooke family in high places had put upon him, to change the Sir John Oldcastle of *Henry IV.* to Sir John Falstaff, and this stroke of ridicule may have been his retaliation for their unwarrantable interference. It seems something like a repetition of the Sir Thomas Lucy episode of his youthful days. On the whole, I think it very probable that the *Sir John Oldcastle* presented before Vereiken at Somerset House in 1600, was *The Merry Devil of Edmonton.* The dropping of Oldcastle, and the abridgment the play has submitted to, may have been made in 1604-5, when it was no doubt revived on the stage, and played with other short pieces.

Authorship.—*The Merry Devil* was published anonymously in 1608, but there was no attempt to indicate the author of it until about the middle of the seventeenth century, when Moseley, the bookseller, entered it at Stationers' Hall as written by William Shakespeare. Since then it has been attributed to Antony, or Tony Brewer, Michael Drayton, and Thomas Heywood. Tony Brewer lived in the reign of James I., and Charles I; although little information has come down regarding him, it is clear that he was a known, and probably a popular poet at the

period at which he wrote, as the following lines from *Steps to Parnassus*, show :—

> 'Let Brewer take his artful pen in hand,
> Attending Muses will obey command,
> Invoke the aid of Shakespeare's sleeping clay,
> And strike from utter darkness new-born day.'

Tony Brewer is the known author of two plays, viz., *The Country Girl*, a comedy, 1647, and *The Lovesick King*, a tragi-comedy, 1655. It is rather singular that the first of these should have been printed with his initials, T. B. only, on the title-page and that the scene of the piece should be laid at Edmonton. Another play, *Lingua*, 1607, has been attributed to him, but without much proof; it was fathered on him by Winstanley, but Mr. Fleay has shown that it was written by John Tomkins, author of *Albumazar*, 1615. Apparently there seems to be no real foundation for the ascription of *The Merry Devil* to Tony Brewer; the mistake appears to have arisen in this way. On April 5, 1608 a prose story called *The Life and Death of the Merry Devil of Edmonton, with the pleasant pranks of Smug the Smith, &c. By T. B.*, was entered on the Stationers' books by Hunt and Archer. According to the last page, this prose tract is purported to be written by T. B. *i.e.* Thomas Brewer. On the strength of this entry, the editors of *The Biographia Dramatica*, and after them Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps *(Dictionary of Old Plays)*, and Dr. H. Ulrici, assumed it referred to the play,

and affiliated it to Tony or Antony Brewer. Misled by these authorities and the above entry, in the Introduction to my reprint of *The Merry Devil*, 1891, I advocated the claim of Tony Brewer to the authorship of the play; but I am now convinced that the entry does not refer to him or to the play, therefore the ground on which my argument was based is destroyed. I am unacquainted with any external evidence that will support Brewer's title to the authorship of this drama. The time of composition, or even publication, when compared with the dates affixed to his genuine plays—there was an interval of forty years—would seem to negative the assumption that he wrote it, unless it be taken for granted that he was the author of *Lingua*, 1607, which I do not think was the case. The fact that the scene of his *Country Girl* is laid in London and Edmonton, is a singular coincidence, but can hardly be taken as evidence in his favour. As to the internal evidence, I have not access to Brewer's two authentic plays, and therefore cannot decide whether there is any resemblance in point of style, thought, expression and general treatment, between them and this play. Under any circumstances I do not think Antony Brewer could have been the author of it, and I withdraw from the position I took up in my 1891 Introduction, with to him, as being wholly untenable.

With regard to the entry of Thomas Brewer's prose story, I think there is something strange and

unsatisfactory about it. It is singular that it should have been entered in 1608 and not printed till 1631 —twenty-three years after; there is the bare possibility that it was printed soon after entry, but if it was, a copy has not survived.* It is next to impossible that the author of the play could have made any use of this prose story, as the play must have been written and presented on the stage some years before the prose work was entered on the Stationers' books. Besides the story deals very sparsely with the doings of Fabell, but is more profuse in recording the escapades of Master Smug. Upon the whole it is an intolerably coarse production. The author of the play probably relied on a common tradition for the character of Fabell, and the under-plot was no doubt his own invention.

Drayton's claim to the authorship appears to be based solely on the fact that Thomas Coxeter (1689 1747) an antiquarian scholar who took great interest in old plays, and was very diligent in his enquiries respecting them, saw an old MS. copy of the play inscribed 'by Michael Drayton'. Against the accuracy of this assertion, as Mr. Fleay says, not a tittle of evidence has been adduced. Oldys records the fact

* There are instances, however, where works have been entered but not published till years after, *e.g. King Leir*, entered in 1594, published in 1605, and Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, entered 1594, published 1933; but such cases are the exception.

that he had heard it said that Drayton wrote the play, a statement that lends some colour to Coxeter's assertion. Drayton is now best known as a poet, but he was also a dramatist, being mentioned by Meres as 'one of the best for tragedy'. According Henslowe's *Diary*, which is the only source of information on the point, he wrote in collaboration with other playwrights twenty-four plays between 1597 and 1602. The dramatists with whom he worked were Wentworth Smith, Dekker, Munday Chettle, Wilson, Hathaway Middleton and Webster. All the plays in which he was part author were acted by the Admiral's men either at the Rose or Fortune theatre, which proves him to have been an Admiral's men's playwright. Of the twenty-four plays written partly by him, fifteen were produced, according to Henslowe, in one year, 1598; an extraordinary output which scarcely leaves room for squeezing in *The Merry Devil*, supposing my assignment of that year as the date of composition be correct. From June 1600 there is a break of sixteen months in his playwriting; he is next heard of in the *Diary* as a dramatist in Oct. 1601. Twenty-three of these plays have perished, therefore the remaining one, *Sir John Oldcastle*, contains the only known bit of dramatic work of Drayton's that has come down to us, and in examining the internal evidence, for or against his claim to the authorship of *The Merry Devil*, his work in that play must be the standard of comparison as

regards style, thought, phraseology, etc. It may be here mentioned that Drayton's poems in the main deal with historical subjects, and judging from the titles of his plays the majority of them must have had a historical background. In 1894 I made an attempt to separate Drayton's work from his coadjutors'; as the result of a careful examination I assigned to him the Oldcastle or historical part of the play, that consists of i. 2; ii. 3; iii. 4 (part) from commencement to 'enter Sir John'; iv. 1 (part) from commencement to 'enter Sir John'; iv. 2 (part) from commencement to 'enter Rochester'; iv. 3, 4; v. 9. On comparing the style, expression, etc., of these portions of *Sir John Oldcastle* with the style and expression of *The Merry Devil*, I do not discover the least resemblance between them. Mr. Fleay says,—'The character of the Host, and indeed all the play, are so like parts of *Sir John Oldcastle*, which we know to have been written by Drayton, that it is not possible to doubt the identity of authorship.' *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 294. That, however, proves nothing definitely, for the same may be said of the Host in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, which bears more than a passing resemblance to the Host in *The Merry Devil;* Shakespeare would be just as likely to repeat the portrait of a character as Drayton. Nevertheless there is a certain resemblance between parts of *Sir John Oldcastle*, and this play. Here is a speech by Sir John of Wrotham, which might have come

from the lips of Sir John of Enfield :—

> 'Sir John. Give me thy hand, thou art a good fellow. I am a singer, a drinker, a bencher, a wencher; I can sing a mass, and kiss a lass; faith, I have a parsonage, and because I would not be at too much charges, this wench serveth me for a sexton.'

This is from ii. 1, a part I have assigned to Wilson.

Another item of evidence against Drayton's claim, may be found on the title-page of the 1608 quarto, which says it was 'acted by his Majesties Servants at the Globe on the Bankside'. His Majesty's Servants meant Shakespeare's company. Drayton was an Admiral's playwright, and there is no authenticated instance of his ever having written for the King's company; besides, during the year I suppose *The Merry Devil* to have been produced, he was engaged, with others, in writing fifteen plays or his own company. He and Shakespeare were on terms of intimacy, and it is quite possible he wrote for the King's men; in fact Mr. Fleay thinks he did in 1596-7, but there is no direct evidence on the point, one way or the other. The fact that the play was issued without any author's name is explained by supposing Drayton regarded writing for the stage as discreditable work, and beneath him.

Mr. Fleay relying on the tradition that Drayton was the author of *The Merry Devil*, says:—'I think that whoever carefully compares the characters of the Host in that play with his eternal refrain of 'I

serve the good Duke of Norfolk', and Sir John with his 'Grass and hay, we are all mortal, etc.' with that of Murley in *Oldcastle*, with his 'Paltry, paltry to and fro, etc.' will come to the conclusion that all these characters were the productions of one brain.' *Bio. Chron. English Drama*, p. 151. This is very inconclusive. If such a proposition is to be allowed and acted upon, it will land the critic in an inextricable morass, and lead to many strange assimilations. There are quaint characters in many plays who have a stereotyped set of phrases which they are in the habit of unctiously repeating, whether in or out of place. There is the 'Work upon that, now', of Touchstone in *Eastward Ho;* the 'Not only but also', of Strumbo in *Locrine*, and the list could be carried further, but the multiplication of instances does not more emphatically expose the fallacy of Mr. Fleay's argument. If Drayton did write the play then it is quite time he was drawn from his obscurity and given an honoured place near the Great Master, as a facile delineator of character, and a most consummate artist in delicacy of thought and distilled sweetness of expression.

Upon the whole I do not think the evidence, such as it is, of sufficient weight to warrant the authorship of *The Merry Devil of Edmonton* being given to Drayton, notwithstanding the assertion of Coxeter that he had seen an old MS. of the play inscribed with his name. Against the authenticity of Coxeter's

testimony there is no reasonable ground for doubt; but I do not place much reliance on these inscriptions on old manuscripts; an instance in proof may be found in the case of the old MS. play *The Second Maiden's Tragedy* (*c.* 1610), which has been inscribed with the name of Thomas Goff, George Chapman, and William Shakespeare.

The Merry Devil of Edmonton appears to have been first ascribed to Shakespeare by the bookseller, Humphrey Moseley, who entered it on the booke of the Stationers' Company, Sep. 9, 1653, as by William Shakespeare. On the same date he entered a number of other plays, the greater portion of which are non-extant; among them were two which he attributed in part to Shakespeare, *i.e. Henry I.*, and *Henry II.*, Robert Davenport being mentioned as his coadjutor. In the main the authorship of the plays is rightly assigned, but those he entered as Shakespeare's are generally regarded, why, I know not, as fraudulent. He must have had some authority or tradition to act upon in assigning those plays which were rightly entered, therefore why should it be assumed that he descended to fraud in entering *The Merry Devil* as Shakespeare's? There is no direct evidence to show he was wrong, neither is there any direct evidence to prove he was right. That he had some authority for his action is a reasonable conclusion; but whence that authority was obtained is more than I can decide, and I fail to see the ad-

vantage accruing from a false entry, as Moseley did not issue an edition of the play; moreover the entries on the Stationers' Registers were not made public, therefore he could have had no inducement to dishonesty in affixing Shakespeare's name to it as the author. Two years later, 1655, an edition (Q. 6) was published by Gilbertson, but there is no intimation that Shakespeare was the author; so Moseley up to that date could have derived no pecuniary or other benefit from his fraud, if it was a fraud. From the circumstance that he entered the play in 1653, it is to be inferred that he had obtained possession of it, but two years later it is found in the hands of another bookseller. This is scarcely consistant with fraud, and if the act was committed with a fraudulent intent, I certainly fail to see the object of it. Moseley's action has been explained by supposing he entered the play as Shakespeare's on account of the resemblance it bears to *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

The next to ascribe *The Merry Devil* to Shakespeare was Francis Kirkman,* the bookseller, and it

* Kirkman was not only a publisher of plays but a collector of them too. In the signed Address, 'The Stationer to the Judicious Reader,' prefixed to *A Cure for a Cuckold*, 1661, he says: 'The pleasure I have taken in those of this nature, viz. plays, hath been so extraordinary, that it hath been much to my cost; for I have been, as we term it, a gatherer of plays for some years, and I am confident I have more of several sorts than any man in England, bookseller or other:

appears to have happened in this way. In the library of King Charles II., was a volume containing three plays, viz., *Mucedorus*, *Fair Em*, and *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, which the binder had lettered 'Shakespeare, Vol. I'. Acting probably on this authority or some hearsay evidence, Kirkman in 1661 printed a catalogue* of plays, in which *The Merry Devil* was attributed to Shakespeare. Whether he had any further authority for doing so, or whether he made any enquiry as to the genuineness of the imputation is not known. Here is the curious circumstance of three persons, independnnt of each other, ascribing the play to Shakespeare; and it is singular that the evidence on which they grounded their action should be wanting. I do not know whether it has been pointed out that Johnson the publisher of *The Merry Devil*, also issued the imper-

I can at any time show seven hundred in number, which is within a small matter all that were ever printed. Many of these I have several times over,' etc.

* A True, Perfect, and exact Catalogue of all the Comedies, Tragedies, . . . that were ever yet printed and published, till this present year, 1661. A Second edition in 1671.

This Catalogue ascribes to Shakespeare the following plays:—*The Arraignment of Paris*, *Cromwel's History*, *John King of England* [1591], *Leir and his Daughters*, *London Prodigal*, *Merry Divil of Edmonton*, *Mucidorus*, *Old Castles Life and Death*, *Puritan Widow*, *Yorkshire Tragedy*. Most of these plays are wrongly assigned, but Kirkman evidently followed a previous Catalogue printed at the end of Rowley and Massinger's *The Old Law*, 1656.

fect quarto of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, in 1602.

The majority of Shakespearean critics repudiate the play being Shakespeare's, although they readily admit it is not unworthy of him. One objection raised in defence of their position is that Hemings and Condell rejected it when they issued their folio edition of the great dramatist's works. They argue it could not have been through forgetfulness, as only five years previous they had given a performance before the King. That may be; but perhaps they had not the right to include it, and were unable to acquire the right What about *Pericles*, *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, and *Edward III?*

In my first Introduction, 1891, I was on the side of those who believe it not to be work of the great dramatist. Further study of the play, and the evidence surrounding it, has induced me to alter my opinion; now it is my firm conviction that this play, *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, was written by Shakespeare, and that it is connected in some way with his Falstaff series of plays, *i.e.* the two parts of *Henry IV.*, and *The Merry Wives of Windsor;* and, further, that there is a vein of satire underlying the character of Sir John, the ale-drinking priest (no doubt originally called Sir John Oldcastle), which was Shakespeare's way of showing his resentment towards the Cobham family for their unwarrantable interference in causing him to change the name of Oldcastle in *Henry IV.* That there is a connection

between this play and those mentioned above, is proved by the numerous instances of similarity of phrase and expression. A few of these similarities may be given. In *The Merry Devil*, i. 1, 12, occurs the phrase 'Tartarian', which is paralleled in *The Merry Wives*, iv. 5, thus, 'A Bohemian Tartar'. In ii. 1, 1, the expression 'take me with you', (meaning 'let me understand; go no faster than I can follow') occurs; it is used in 1 *Henry IV.* ii. 4, and elsewhere by Shakespeare; farther on in the same scene, l. 8, Smug says, 'Oh, it tickles our catastrophe!', in 2 *Henry IV.* ii. 1, Falstaff says, 'I'll tickle your catastrophe'. Again, iv. 1, 1, is found the expression 'Hungarian', *The Merry Wives*, i. 3, repeats it, 'Oh, base Hungarian'. In *The Merry Devil*, Host Blague is continually repeating the formula—'I serve the good Duke of Norfolk'; in 2 *Henry IV.* iii. 2, Falstaff is said to have been boy and page to the Duke of Norfolk, which, as Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps points out, is a fact applicable to Oldcastle. The resemblance between the Host in *The Merry Devil*, and the Host in *The Merry Wives*, has been frequently remarked upon, and is regarded as the result of imitation; but it has never been pointed out that if such is the case, Shakespeare must have been the imitator, for *The Merry Devil* must, I think, take precedence in date of composition. I regard it as a proof that the two plays had a common authorship, and that the dramatist was unconsciously repeating

himself. Charles Knight says Shakespeare, in the abundance of his riches, is not a poet who repeats himself; the notion is a fallacy: Shakespeare does repeat himself in thought, expression, situation, and characterisation. These resemblances show a connection between the plays, which could hardly have been accidental or imitative, for the *Henry IV.* plays were not printed until some two years later, and it is unlikely the theatrical manager would have allowed copies to circulate in manuscript.

Another feature common with this play and Shakespeare's is the use of legal phraseology. This point is very prominent in *The Merry Devil*, as will be seen in the notes, and an observant reader cannot fail to note that Shakespeare was much addicted to the same habit. Of itself the use of legal phrases is not of much weight as evidence in determining authorship, as other dramatists are more or less profuse in their legal allusions, Dekker,* Middleton, *e.g.* although perhaps not to the same extent as Shakespeare; but where the use of legal phraseology is supported by the evidence of style, characterisation,

* Dekker, occasionally, was uncommonly voluable in his use of legal jargon. Here is a string of law terms from his *Gull's Hornbook*, 1609, sufficient to make an ordinary pettifogger blush with envy.—'If they chance to discourse, it is of nothing but statutes, bonds, recognisances, fines, recoveries, audits, rents, subsidies, sureties, enclosures, liveries, indictments, outlawries, feoffments, judgments, commissions, bankrupts, amercements, and of such horrible matter.'

thought, expression, and also by the external evidence, it certainly carries a weight in favour of the imputed authorship, which it would be ridiculous to attach to it alone. To me it seems to have this bearing on the present argument.

So far as the internal evidence of style, expression, characterisation, etc. is concerned, I think *The Merry Devil* shows some affinity to Shakespeare's plays, and to his recognised methods of procedure. This is particularly noticeable in the main plot. The gentlemanliness of character, the sweetness of expression, the refined delicacy of sentiment, and, above all, that battledore play of fancy which is so characteristic of Shakespeare in his gayer moods, are all reproduced in this play, and mark it with, what one would fain believe, an unmistakeable stamp. The love story, too, is but a variation of a theme Shakespeare had already touched upon in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and was to further amplify it later on in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. Who but the author of *Romeo and Juliet* could have written that exquisitely tender scene, iii. 2, between Raymond and Millicent at the Priory, so redolent of the sweetness and insinuating witchery of the Great Master?

As to the persons of the drama, I see much in common between Mounchensey, Jerningham, and Harry Clare, and some of the characters in *Love's Labour's Lost*, and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*; Shakespeare's portrait-gallery is already rich in

heroines, but it seems incomplete without the addition of that sweet impersonation of womanly purity and tenderness, Millicent Clare. None of the dramatic poets of the time possessed this sweetness of expression, or this skill in conception and delineation of character except Shakespeare; and Drayton most assuredly did not.

There are many expressions, echoes, and passages in *The Merry Devil* which can be paralleled from Shakespeare's plays; two or three examples will be sufficient to support the assertion.—

'My stiffened hair stands upright on my head,
As do the bristles on the porcupine.' *Merry Devil*, Ind.

'And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.' *Hamlet*, i. 5.

'Thou that before hast been
More watchful than the day-proclaiming cock.'
Merry Devil, i. 3.

'The early village cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn.'
Richard III. v. 3.

'But there are crosses, wife, . . .
And 'tis ominous to pass
Any of these without a paternoster.
Crosses of love still thwart this marriage,
Whilst that we two, like spirits, walk in night,' etc.
Merry Devil, i. 1.

'She doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.' *Mer. of Venice*, v. 1.

'Troubled with stitches, and cough a' th' lungs.'
Merry Devil, i. 3.

'Whose lungs are tickled o' th' sere.' *Hamlet*, ii. 2.

The following dialogue between Brian the keeper and Clare senior—

'*Clare.* My daughter!
Brian. My deer!'

containe an echo of Shylock's exclamation—

'My daughter! Oh, my ducats! Oh, my daughter!'
Mer. of Venice, ii. 8.

In *The Merchant of Venice*, ii. 3, 2-3, there is apparently an allusion to *The Merry Devil*:—

'Our house is hell, and thou *a merry devil*,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.'

The introduction of the 'merry devil' in that play looks like a direct reference to this one, and appears as if it were inserted for the purpose of forming a hook whereby *The Merry Devil of Edmonton* could be hitched on to *The Merchant*. Again, the abduction of Millicent Clare is paralleled in the under plot of *The Merchant of Venice* by the abduction of the Jew's daughter, and there is a similarity in the dialogue on the occasion in the two plays. That cannot be altogether accidental. Compare the prose of 1 and 2 *Henry IV.* and *The Merry Wives*, with the prose of *The Merry Devil*, and it will be found there is a close similarity of style and that undefinable quality in them which is convincing proof that they all evolved

from the same mind. These and other coincidences not only show contemporanity of composition, but also consanguinity of authorship. On the question of authorship, I have no hesitation in giving it to Shakespeare; this decision is primarily based on the fact that the play resembles the work of no other dramatist of the period but Shakespeare.* With regard to the position taken up by me on this point in my previous Introduction, I now unequivocally withdraw from it as being wholly untenable; this change of opinion is due to a closer study of the evidence and its surroundings, and a more intimate acquaintance with the play. My regret is that so much is left to opinion, and so little to actual proof of authorship.

Below I give a Metrical Table of the play which, with other evidence, may assist the reader in forming an opinion on the question.

A METRICAL TABLE OF 'THE MERRY DEVIL.'

Total Lines.	Blank.	Prose.	Rhyme.	Stop'd	Unstop'd	Fem. Ending.
1545.	784.	555.	206.	833.	195.	127.

The shortness of the play, 1545 lines, is striking.

* Capell in the Preface to his *Shakespeare* has the following note:—'in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, Rowley is called his [*i.e.* Shakespeare's] partner in the title-page.' It is strange how Capell could have fallen into an error of this sort; and it is quite clear he had not seen the title-page of any of the quartos.

That looks as if it had been cut down, or written for the purpose of being played with other short pieces, several of which the Chamberlain's company had in their repertory, *i.e. Mucedorus, Fair Em,* etc. *The Merry Devil* is rather less than half the length of 2 *Henry IV.*, the play which I suppose it to have followed in order of composition; allowing for the extra length of 2 *Henry IV.*, the proportion of prose to blank-verse lines in the two plays is about equal; if there be any difference the proportion of blank-verse is rather in favour of *The Merry Devil,* and the prose in favour of 2 *Henry IV.* In the next play, *The Merry Wives,* the prose is largely in excess, and the blank-verse falls very considerably below *The Merry Devil.* Of the 206 rhymes in *The Merry Devil,* 66 are in the rhyming incantations in the Priory scenes; that leaves 140 rhymed lines of the ordinary five-foot iambic measure. Here the figures disagree very considerably with those under the same head in 2 *Henry IV.*, which has only 74 rhymes in a total of 3437 lines. The proportion of rhyme to blank in *The Merry Devil* is 1 in 3, omitting the short rhymes, it is 1 in 5; in 2 *Henry IV.*, allowing for its being double the length of this play, it is about 1 in 40. This shows the rhyme test is not always a safe guide in fixing the time of composition; its application here would necessitate the play being shifted back three or four years, to 1594-95, the end of Shakespeare's first period of dramatic productivity. The

figures in the feminine-ending column would place it next to 2 *Henry IV.*, but render its position with regard to other plays of Shakespeare's second period somewhat anomalous. The proportion of feminine-endings is 1 in 7. The unstopped lines, 1 in 4, is also favourable to the date I have given to the play. Upon the whole the versification seems to be in Shakespeare's system and style, although there is one bit of ten lines—Induction, ll. 50-9—which, by itself, might well stand for Fletcher's verse; but similar isolated instances could be picked out of *Cymbeline* or *The Winter's Tale*. The habit, too, of skilfully mingling prose and verse, which is so prominent in Shakespeare's middle and later periods, is also apparent in *The Merry Devil*.

This play has been ascribed by W. Hazlitt and Dr. Ulrici to Thomas Heywood without much proof; so far as my own observation extends, I do not discover any resemblance, either in style or treatment, to Heywood's work. At the time *The Merry Devil* was produced, Heywood was regularly writing for the Admiral's men, and under agreement with Henslowe, in a bond of £40, not to play in any theatre but his; this agreement was no doubt prohibitive so far as writing for the stage was concerned.*

* 'Memorandum, that this 25 of Marche, 1598, Thomas Hawoode came and hiered him sealfe with me as a covenanted servante for ij yeares, by the receveing of ij syngell pence, according to the statute of Winchester, and to begin

Among German commentators a Shakespearean origin has been maintained by Ludwig Tieck, Franz Horn, and H. von Friesen.

Plot.—The play opens with a supernatural scene or induction not unworthy of Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*. Fabell is discovered in his chamber surrounded with his books and instruments of the necromantic art. He has made a compact with the devil (similar to the Faust agreement) that for the possession of infinite knowledge and power he will, at the end of seven years, surrender himself body and soul to him. The time has expired and Coreb, an evil spirit, arrives to claim the performance of his part of the bargain. Fabell demurs, but Coreb is obdurate and demands his due; under the pretence of settling some business affairs, Fabell leaves his chair and induces Coreb to occupy it; the fiend does so, then Fabell by means of his magic art binds him in it, and refuses to release him until he has granted him another seven years of freedom. Coreb, realising his helplessness, reluctantly grants his demand, and the scene ends.

The plot of the main action is this.—Millicent, the

---

at the daye above written, and not to playe any wher publicke abowt lundon, not whille these ij yeares be expired, but in my howse. Yf he do, then he doth forfett unto me by the receving of the iid. fortie powndes. And witnesa to this, Anthony Monday, William Borne, Gabriel Spencer, Thomas Dowton, Robert Shawe, Richard Jones, Richard Alleyn.—HENSLOWE'S *Diary*: MALONE' *Transcript*.

daughter of Sir Arthur Clare, was betrothed, with the consent of her parents, to Raymond, son and heir to Sir Richard Mounchensey; since their betrothal the affairs of Sir Richard have become sadly embarrassed by his open-handed generosity and lavish expenditure, and on that account the parents of Millicent think his son an unsuitable match for their daughter. Clare revokes his consent, and seeks to arrange a marriage between his daughter and Frank Jerningham, son and heir to the wealthy Sir Ralph Jerningham. As usual in such matters, the parents have reckoned without the parties concerned. There is, as may be expected, a certain amount of distress between the lovers, who exchange the ordinary vow of undying constancy. In the midst of their trouble they are relieved by the intervention of a good magician, Peter Fabell, who had been tutor to young Mounchensey, who promises by the aid of his magic art to counteract the plot of the hard-hearted parents, and bring about the union the lovers so ardently wish for. In his endeavours to effect this desirable consummation he is generously assisted by Frank Jerningham, the intended husband, and Millicent's brother Harry. As a means of driving Raymond from her thoughts, Millicent is sent by her parents into Cheshunt Priory to undergo her noviciate preparatory to becoming a nun. There she is visited by her lover, Raymond, in the disguise of a friar, who acquaints her with the plot (previously arranged

by Fabell and Co) formed for her release. Millicent meets them at the appointed time and place, and is carried off in triumph by her devoted lover and his companions. It is the old old story—played out thousands of times in the past, and to be replayed thousands of times in the future—of Love laughing at locksmiths. After a narrow escape of being overtaken in the forest, they reach the George Inn at Waltham, and are there indissoluably joined in the holy bands of matrimony. The old folks arrive on the scene too late to avert the disaster, and relieve themselves of the usual amount of frothy but impotent expostulation; however their powerlessness is self-evident, and with the best grace they can command accept accomplished facts. The lovers are united and happy; the parents veer round with easy pliability, and confirm their happiness by bestowing their blessing on them. With this pleasing state of affairs the comedy ends.

There is also a slight but well sustained comic under-plot, carried on with a good deal of spirit and humour by mine Host Blague of the George, Sir John the village priest, Smug the smith, and Banks the miller. There is much fun and originality in the speeches of Sir John, who always begins like a reprobate, then suddenly remembering his sacred calling pulls himself up and rounds off his periods with this moral reflection:—

> 'Ahem, grass and hay! we are all mortal; let's live till we die, and be merry, and there's an end.'

Mr. Fleay considers the following passage in *The Shoemaker's Holiday*, iii. 4, 1599,—'we are all mortal,' 'all flesh is grass,'—as an allusion to *The Merry Devil*. If it be so, it is further proof in support of my date of writing. Smug on the white horse, is mentioned in Middleton's comedy, *A Mad World, my Masters*, v. 2, 1608. This is possibly reminiscent of a stage revival of *The Merry Devil*, at the Globe, between 1604 and 1606.

From this brief outline of the plot, it will be seen that the supernatural business of the play commences and ends with the Induction, unless the trick played with the Host's sign is to be attributed to supernatural agency; and whatever kindly offices Fabell performs for the distressed lovers, is accomplished without the aid of his magic art. This, I think, is evidence that the play has been grossly mutilated, or cut down for the purposes of theatrical representation; on any other hypothesis it is impossible to reconcile the presence of the Induction which destroys the otherwise effective dramatic unity of the play. There are palpable signs of curtailment at the end of the play which, as Mr. Fleay points out, would be unintelligible without the fuller prose story. The fate of Fabell, too, is left unexplained, and on that account the reader closes the book with a feeling of disappointment. On this matter Tyrrell *(Doubtful Plays of Shakspere)* writes:—'The author of this drama probably intended to write a second

part for in this the story of Fabel, the merry devil, is left unfinished. In the first scene we find him tricking the fiend out of another lease of life of seven years duration; but the comedy would be sadly damped if we were to suppose that the devil got possession of the kind-hearted and repentant magician at the end of that period. The author doubtless intended that Fabel should a second time defeat the devil and set himself free from the satanic dominion for ever.' The Induction of this play bears about the same relation to the other part, as does the first scene of *A Yorkshire Tragedy* to the rest of that play. It is rather singular that two short plays associated with the name of Shakespeare, should show the same peculiarity in that respect.

Warton, *(Hist. Eng. Poetry,* §XLI.*)* mentions having seen a thin folio in two sheets, black letter, containing a poem in the octave stanza, entitled *Fabyl's Ghoste,* printed in 1533 by John Rastell. He says the poem has nothing in common with the play except the machine and chime. It is very probable that this poem furnished the hint for the Induction to *The Merry Devil.* The prose tract by Thomas Brewer, entered in 1608, called *The Life and Death of The Merry Devil of Edmonton, with the pleasant pranks of Smug the Smith, etc.,* was no doubt called into being by the popularity of the play.

Critics of all shades of opinion, whether for or against a Shakespearean authorship, have been

unanimous in awarding high praise to this sweet little comedy. Charles Lamb was the first to sound a note in this direction; and since his time all editors and critics, with the exception of Dr. Ulrici and Professor A. W. Ward, have followed in the same strain. In his *Specimens of the Dramatic Poets*, after quoting a part of iii. 1, he says:—'This scene has much of Shakespeare's manner in the sweetness and good-naturedness of it. It seems written to make the reader happy. Few of our dramatists or novelists have attended enough to this. They torture and wound us abundantly. They are economists only in delight. Nothing can be finer, more gentleman-like and noble, than the conversation and compliments of these young people. How delicious is Raymond Mounchensey's forgetting, in his fears, that Jerningham has 'a saint* in Essex'; and how sweetly his friend reminds him!—I wish it could be ascertained that Michael Drayton was the author of this piece: it would add a worthy appendage to the renown of that Panegyrist of my native Earth; who has gone over her soil (in his Polyolbion) with the fidelity of a herald, and the painful love of a son; who has not

* In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ii. 4, 143, Valentine calls Silvia 'a heavenly saint'; in the same scene, l. 64, the expression 'angel-like perfection' occurs, which is paralleled in *The Merry Devil*, i. 3, 85,—'Her angel-like perfections'. The two scenes in the above mentioned plays should be read together, for there are many other similarities of thought and expression between them.

left a rivulet (so narrow that it may be stept over) without honourable mention; and has animated hills and streams with life and passion above the dreams of old mythology.'

Hazlitt in his *Lectures*, remarks:—'*The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, which has sometimes been attributed to Shakespeare, is assuredly not unworthy of him. It is more likely, however, both from the style and subject-matter, to have been Heywood's than any other person's. It is perhaps the first example of sentimental comedy we have—romantic, sweet, tender, it expresses the feelings of honour, love, and friendship in their utmost delicacy, enthusiasm, and purity. The names alone, Raymond Mounchensey Frank Jerningham, Clare, Millicent, 'sound silver sweet, like lovers' tongues by night'. It sets out with a sort of story of Dr. Faustus, but this is dropped as jarring on the tender chords of the rest of the piece. The wit of *The Merry Devil of Edmonton* is as genuine as the poetry. Mine host of the George is as good a fellow as Boniface, and the deer-stealing scenes in the forest between him, Sir John the curate, Smug the smith, and Banks the miller, are 'very honest knaveries', as Sir Hugh Evans has it. The air is delicate, and the deer shot by their cross-bows, fall without a groan! Frank Jerningham says to Clare:—

> 'This way liss right; hark, the clock strikes at Enfield; what 's the hour?

Young Clare. Ten, the bell says.
Jern. It was but eight when we set out from Cheston. Sir John and his sexton are at their ale to-night, the clock runs at random.
Y. Clare. Nay, as sure as thou livest, the villainous vicar is abroad in the chase. The priest steals more venison than half the country.
Jern. Millicent, how dost thou?
Mil. Sir, very well:—
I would to God we were at Brian's lodge!' [iv. 1.]

A volume might be written to prove this last answer Shakespeare's, in which the tongue says one thing in one line, and the heart contradicts it in the next; but there were other writers living in the time of Shakespeare who knew these subtle windings of the passions besides him—though none so well as he.' Who were those other writers? Hazlitt was silent on the point. This distilled sweetness, this delicacy, poetry, and humour is proof to me that the play is Shakespeare's. As to the deer-stealing scenes, I take them to be a fanciful reproduction of Shakespeare's escapade in his early Stratford days. Who could depict such scenes so truthfully or so vividly as he who had enacted them in all their reality?

Charles Knight, who opposes a Shakespearean origin, speaks of the play as 'the performance of a true poet, whoever he may be'. Sidney Lee describes it as 'a delightful comedy, abounding in both humour and romantic sentiment; at times it recalls scenes of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, but no sign

of Shakespeare's workmanship is apparent.'

Finally, in spite of the unreliable nature of the external and internal evidence, I cannot avoid the conclusion that this little play is the work of Shakespeare. There is nothing in it unworthy of him, and much that compares favourably with his best work of the period. Why the play, if it be his, was published anonymously (for after 1597 all his acknowledged plays appeared with his name) is more than I can tell; the most feasible explanation of the fact is by supposing the author's name was withheld on account of the covert satire (for which inference there is good ground) on Sir John Oldcastle and the Brooke family in the person of Sir John, the poacher-parson of Enfield. Further, I am firmly convinced that *The Merry Devil* is connected with the Falstaff series of plays; the numerous resemblances in style, thought, and expression between this play and those above mentioned make the point clear, and leaves no doubt as to the justness of the conclusion.

A. F. HOPKINSON.

London, May 18, 1914.

*** A copy of *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1617, Q. 3, sold by auction in Dec. 1904, realised £69; a copy of Q. 5, 1631, was sold for £25.

ERRATA.

Page xi l. 28, for 1933, read 1633.
xiv l. 17, " or, read for.
xix l. 15, " be work, read be the work.
11 l. 11, " Destines, read Destinies.
21 l. 11, " Castalian, read Castilian.
22 l. 26, " pureuaded, read persuaded.
25 l. 4, " forgo, read forego.
29 l. 16, " councillor, read counsellor.
38 l. 15, " there', read there's.
61 l. 29, " daaghter, read daughter.
85 l. 4, " probally, read probably.
99 l. 10, col. 1, for angel-like proportions, read angel-like perfections.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR ARTHUR CLARE.
HARRY CLARE, *his son.*
SIR RICHARD MOUNCHENSEY.
RAYMOND MOUNCHENSEY, *his son.*
SIR RALPH JERNINGHAM.
FRANK JERNINGHAM, *his son.*
SIR JOHN, *the Priest of Enfield.*
BANKS, *a Miller.*
SMUG, *a Smith.*
BILBO, *Servant to* SIR ARTHUR CLARE.
BLAGUE, *the Host of the George Inn.*
BRIAN, *a Forest-keeper.*
RALPH, *his Man.*
FRIAR HILDERSHAM.
BENEDICK, *a Novice.*
PETER FABELL, *the Merry Devil.*
COREB, *an Evil Spirit.*
Chamberlain.
Sexton.
DORCAS, LADY CLARE.
MILLICENT, *her Daughter.*
THE ABBESS *of Cheston Priory.*
Nuns and Attendants.

SCENE,—EDMONTON, *and the Surrounding Country.*

THE
MERRY DEVIL OF EDMONTON.

PROLOGUE.

YOUR silence and attention, worthy friends,
That your free spirits may, with more pleasing sense,
Relish the life of this our active scene:
To which intent, to calm this murmuring breath,
We ring this round with our invoking spells;
If that your listening ears be yet prepared
To entertain the subject of our play,
Lend us your patience.
'Tis Peter Fabell, a renownèd scholar,
Whose fame hath still been hitherto forgot
By all the writers of this later age.
In Middlesex his birth and his abode,
Not full seven mile from this great famous city;
That, for his fame in sleights and magic won,
Was called the Merry Fiend of Edmonton.
If any here make doubt of such a name,

In Edmonton yet fresh unto this day,
Fixed in the wall of that old ancient church,
His monument remaineth to be seen:
His memory yet in the mouths of men,
That whilst he lived he could deceive the Devil.
Imagine now that whilst he is retired
From Cambridge back unto his native home,
Suppose the silent, sable-visaged night
Casts her black curtain over all the world;
And whilst he sleeps within his silent bed,
Toiled with the studies of the passed day,
The very time and hour wherein that spirit
That many years attended his command,
And oftentimes 'twixt Cambridge and that town
Had in a minute borne him through the air,
By composition 'twixt the Fiend and him,
Comes now to claim the scholar for his due.
Behold him here laid on his restless couch
Draws the Curtains.
His fatal chime preparèd at his head,
His chamber guarded with these sable sleights,
And by him stands that necromantic chair,
In which he makes his direful incantations,
And binds the fiends that shall obey his will.—
Sit with a pleasèd eye, until you know
The comic end of our sad tragic show. [*Exit.*

INDUCTION.

The chime goes, in which time Fabell is oft seen to stare about him and hold up his hands.

Fab. What means the tolling of this fatal chime?
Oh, what a trembling horror strikes my heart!
My etiffened hair stands upright on my head,
As do the bristles of a porcupine.

Enter Coreb, a Spirit.

Cor. Fabell, awake! or I will bear thee hence
Headlong to hell.

Fab. Ha, ha!
Why dost thou wake me? Coreb, is it thou?

Cor. 'Tis I.

Fab. I know thee well: I hear the watchful dogs
With hollow howling tell of thy approach;
The lights burn dim, affrighted with thy presence;
And this distempered and tempestuous night
Tells me the air is troubled with some devil.

Cor. Come, art thou ready?

Fab. Whither, or to what?

Cor. Why, scholar, this the hour thy date expires;
I must depart, and come to claim my due.

Fab. Ha! what is thy due?

Cor. Fabell, thyself!

Fab. Oh, let not darkness hear thee speak that word,

Lest that with force it hurry hence amain,
And leave the world to look upon my woe:
Yet overwhelm me with this globe of earth,
And let a little sparrow with her bill
Take but so much as she can bear away,
That, every day thus losing of my load,
I may again in time yet hope to rise.

Cor. Didst thou not write thy name in thine own blood,
And drew'st the formal deed 'twixt thee and me,
And is it not recorded now in hell?

Fab. Why com'st thou in this stern and horrid shape,
Not in familiar sort, as thou wast wont?

Cor. Because the date of thy command is out,
And I am master of thy skill and thee.

Fab. Coreb, thou angry and impatient spirit,
I have earnest business for a private friend;
Reserve me, spirit, until some further time.

Cor. I will not for the mines of all the earth.

Fab. Then let me rise, and ere I leave the world,
Dispatch some business that I have to do;
And in meantime repose thee in that chair.

Cor. Fabell, I will. [*Sits down.*

Fab. Oh that this soul, that cost so great a price
As the dear precious blood of her Redeemer,
Inspired with knowledge, should by that alone
Which makes a man so mean unto the powers,
Even lead him down into the depth of hell,

When men in their own pride strive to know more
Than man should know!
For this alone God cast the angels down.
The infinity of arts is like a sea,
Into which, when men will take in hand to sail
Further than reason, which should be his pilot,
Hath skill to guide him, losing once his compass,
He falleth to such deep and dangerous whirlpools,
As he doth lose the very sight of heaven:
The more he strives to come to quiet harbour,
The further still he finds himself from land.
Man, striving still to find the depth of evil,
Seeking to be a god, becomes a devil.

Cor. Come, Fabell, hast thou done?

Fab. Yes, yes. Come hither.

Cor. Fabell, I cannot.

Fab. Cannot? What ails your hollowness?

Cor. Good Fabell, help me!

Fab. Alas! where lies your grief? Some *Aqua vitæ!*
The devil is very sick, I fear he 'll die,
For he looks very ill.

Cor. Dar'st thou deride the minister of darkness?
In Lucifer's dread name Coreb conjures thee
To set him free.

Fab. I will not for the mines of all the earth,
Unless thou give me liberty to see
Seven years more before thou seize on me.

Cor. Fabell, I give it thee.

Fab. Swear, damnèd fiend!

Cor. Unbind me, and by hell I will not touch thee,
Till seven years from this hour be full expired.

Fab. Enough, come out.

Cor. A vengeance take thy art!
Live and convert all piety to evil:
Never did man thus over-reach the Devil.
No time on earth, like Phaethonic flames,
Can have perpetual being. I'll return
To my infernal mansion; but be sure,
Thy seven years done, no trick shall make me tarry,
But, Coreb, thou to Hell shall Fabell carry. [*Exit.*

Fab. Then, thus betwixt us two this variance ends,
Thou to thy fellow fiends, I to my friends. [*Exit.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Waltham. A Room in the George Inn*

Enter Sir Arthur Clare, Dorcas his Lady, Millicent, his Daughter, young Harry Clare; the men booted, the Gentlewomen in cloaks and safeguards. Blague, the merry Host of the George, comes in with them.

Host. Welcome, good knights, to the George at Waltham, my freehold, my tenements, goods and chattels! Madam, here's a room is the very Homer and Iliads of a lodging, it hath none of the four elements in it; I built it out of the centre, and I drink

ne'er the less sack. Welcome, my little waste of maidenheads! What? I serve the goood Duke of Norfolk.

Clare. God a-mercy, my good host Blague! Thou hast a good seat here.

Host. 'Tis correspondent or so: there's not a Tartarian nor a carrier shall breathe upon your geldings; they have villainous rank feet, the rogues, and they shall not sweat in my linen. Knights, and lords too, have been drunk in my house, I thank the Destinies.

Harry. Pr'ythee, good sinful innkeeper, will that corruption, thine ostler, look well to my gelding.—Hey, a pox of these rushes!

Host. You, Saint Dennis, your gelding shall walk without doors, and cool his feet for his master's sake. By the body of St. George, I have an excellent intellect to go steal some venison. Now, when wast thou in the forest?

Har. Away, you stale mess of white broth! Come hither, sister, let me help you.

Clare. Mine host, is not Sir Richard Mounchensey come yet, according to our appointment, when we last dined here?

Host. The knight's not yet apparent.—Marry, here's a forerunner that summons a parle, and saith, he'll be here top and top-gallant presently.

Clare. 'Tis well.—Good mine host, go down and see breakfast be provided.

Host. Knight, thy breath hath the force of a woman, it takes me down; I am for the baser element of the kitchen: I retire like a valiant soldier, face point-blank to the foeman, or, like a courtier, that must not show the Prince his posteriors, vanish to know my canvassdoes, and my interrogatories, for I serve the good Duke of Norfolk. [*Exit.*

Clare. How doth my lady? Are you not weary, madam?

Come hither, I must talk in private with you;
My daughter Millicent must not overhear.

Mil. Ay, whispering, pray God it tend my good!
Strange fear assails my heart, usurps my blood.
[*Aside.*

Clare. You know our meeting with the knight Mounchensey
Is to assure our daughter to his heir.

Dorcas. 'Tis, without question.

Clare. Two tedious winters have passed o'er, since first
These couple loved each other, and in passion
Glued first their naked hands with youthful moisture:
Just so long, on my knowledge.

Dor. And what of that?

Clare. This morning should my daughter lose her name,
And to Mounchensey's house convey our arms,
Quartered with his 'scutcheon; th' affiance, made
'Twixt him and her, this morning should be sealed.

Dor. I know it should.

Clare. But there are crosses, wife; here's one in Waltham,
Another in the Abbey, and the third
At Cheston; and 'tis ominous to pass
Any of these without a pater-noster.
Crosses of love still thwart this marriage,
Whilst that we two, like spirits, walk in night
About these stony and hard-hearted plots.

Mil. Oh God! what means my father? [*Aside.*

Clare. For look you, wife, the riotous old knight
Hath over-run his annual revenue
In keeping jolly Christmas all the year.
The nostrils of his chimney are still stuffed
With smoke more chargeable than cane-tobacco;
His hawks devour his fattest dogs, whilst, simple,
His leanest curs eat his hounds' carrion.
Besides, I heard of late, his youngest brother,
A Turkey merchant, hath sore sucked the knight
By means of some great losses on the sea;
That, you conceive me, before God, all is naught—
His seat is weak. Thus, each thing rightly scanned,
You'll see a flight, wife, shortly of his land.

Mil. Treason to my heart's truest sovereign!
How soon is love smothered in foggy gain! [*Aside.*

Dor. But how shall we prevent this dangerous match?

Clare. I have a plot, a trick, and this it is,—
Under this colour I'll break off the match:

I'll tell the knight that now my mind is changed
For marrying of my daughter, for I intend
To send her unto Cheston nunnery.
Mil. Oh me accursed! [*Aside.*
Clare. There to become a religious nun.
Mil. I'll first be buried quick! [*Aside.*
Clare. To spend her beauty in most private prayers.
Mil. I'll sooner be a sinner in forsaking
Mother and father. [*Aside.*
Clare. How dost like my plot?
Dor. Exceeding well; but is it your intent
She shall continue there?
Clare. Continue there? Ha, hà, that were a jest!
You know a virgin may continue there
A twelvemonth and a day, on trial.
There shall my daughter sojourn some three months,
And in meantime I'll compass a fair match
'Twixt youthful Jerningham, the lusty heir
Of Sir Ralph Jerningham, dwelling in the forest:
I think they'll both come hither with Mounchensey.
Dor. Your care argues the love you bear our child;
I will subscribe to anything you'll have me.
[*Exeunt Harry, Sir Arthur Clare and Dorcas.*
Mil. You will subscribe to it! Good, good, 'tis well;
Love hath two chairs of state—heaven and hell.
My dear Mounchensey, thou my death shalt rue,
Ere to thy heart Millicent prove untrue. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the George Inn.*

Enter Blague.

Host. Ostlers, you knaves and commanders, take the horses of the knights and competitors: your honourable hulks have put into harborough, they 'll take in fresh water here, and I have provided clean chamber-pots. Via, they come!

Enter Sir Richard Mounchensey, Sir Ralph Jerningham, young Frank Jerningham, Raymond Mounchensey, Peter Fabell and Bilbo.

Host. The Destines be most neat chamberlains to these swaggering puritans, knights of the subsidy.

Moun. God-a-mercy, good mine host.

Jer. Thanks, good host Blague.

Host. Room for my case of pistols, that have Greek and Latin bullets in them; let me cling to your flanks, my nimble Giberalters, and blow wind in your calves to make them swell bigger. Ha! I'll caper in mine own fee-simple. Away with punctilios and orthography! I serve the good Duke of Norfolk. Bilbo, *Tityre tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi.*

Bil. Truly, mine host, Bilbo, though he be somewhat out of fashion, will be your only blade still. I have a villainous sharp stomach to slice a breakfast.

Host. Thou shalt have it without any more discontinuance, releases, or attournment. What! we

know our terms of hunting and the sea-card.

Bil. And do you serve the good Duke of Norfolk still?

Host. Still, and still, and still, my soldier of St. Quentin's! Come, follow me; I have Charles' wain below in a butt of sack, 't will glister like your crab-fish.

Bil. You have fine scholar-like terms; your Cooper's Dictionary is your only book to study in [30 a cellar, a man shall find very strange words in it.· Come, my host, let's serve the good Duke of Norfolk.

Host. And still, and still, and still, my boy, I'll serve the good Duke of Norfolk.

[*Exeunt Host and Bilbo.*

Enter Sir Arthur Clare, Harry Clare, and Millicent.

Jer. Good Sir Arthur Clare!

Clare. What gentleman is that? I know him not.

Moun. 'Tis Master Fabell, sir, a Cambridge scholar,
My son's dear friend.

Clare. Sir, I entreat you know me. 40

Fab. Command me, sir; I am affected to you,
For your Mounchensey's sake.

Clare. Alas, for him,
I not respect whether he sink or swim!—
A word in private, Sir Ralph Jerningham.

Ray. Methinks your father looketh strangely on me:

Say, love, why are you sad?
Mil. I am not, sweet;
Passion is strong, when woe with woe doth meet.
Clare. Shall's in to breakfast? After we'll conclude
The cause of this our coming: in and feed,
And let that usher a more serious deed.
Mil. Whilst you desire his grief, my heart shall bleed.
Frank. Raymond Mounchensey, come, be frolic, friend,
This is the day thou hast expected long.
Ray. Pray God, dear Jerningham, it prove so happy!
Frank. There's naught can alter it! Be merry, lad!
Fab. There's naught shall alter it. Be lively, Raymond!
Stand any opposition 'gainst thy hope,
Art shall confront it with her largest scope. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same.*

Peter Fabell solus.

Fab. Good old Mounchensey, is thy hap so ill,
That for thy bounty and thy royal parts
Thy kind alliance should be held in scorn,
And after all these promises by Clare,
Refuse to give his daughter to thy son,
Only because thy revenues cannot reach
To make her dowage of so rich a jointure

As can the heir of wealthy Jerningham?
And therefore is the false fox now in hand
To strike a match betwixt her and the other;
And the old grey-beards now are close together,
Plotting it in the garden. Is 't even so?
Raymond Mounchensey, boy, have thou and I
Thus long at Cambridge read the liberal arts,
The metaphysics, magic, and those parts
Of the most secret deep philosophy?
Have I so many melancholy nights
Watched on the top of Peter-house highest tower,
And come we back unto our native home,
For want of skill to lose the wench thou lov'st?
We 'll first hang Enfield in such rings of mist
As never rose from any dampish fen:
I'll make the brinèd sea to rise at Ware,
And drown the marshes unto Stratford bridge;
I'll drive the deer from Waltham in their walks,
And scatter them like sheep in every field.
We may perhaps be crossed, but if we be,
He shall cross the Devil that but crosses me.

Enter Raymond, young Jerningham, and young Clare.

But here comes Raymond, disconsolate and sad,
And here 's the gallant that must have the wench.

Frank. I pr'ythee, Raymond, leave these solemn dumps:
Revive thy spirits, thou that before hast been
More watchful than the day-proclaiming cock,

As sportive as the kid, as frank and merry
As Mirth herself.
If aught in me may thy content procure,
It is thine own, thou mayst thyself assure.
Ray. Ha, Jerningham, if any but thyself
Had spoke that word, it would have come as cold
As the bleak northern winds upon the face
Of winter.
From thee they have some power upon my blood;
Yet being from thee, had but that hollow sound
Come from the lips of any living man
It might have won the credit of mine ear:
From thee it cannot.
Frank. If I understand thee, I am a villain:
What, dost thou speak in parables to thy friends?
Harry. Come, boy, and make me this same groaning love,
Troubled with stitches and cough a' th' lungs,
That wept his eyes out when he was a child,
And ever since hath shot at hoodman-blind,
Make him leap, caper, jerk, and laugh, and sing,
And play me horse-tricks.
Make Cupid wanton as his mother's dove:
But in this sort, boy, I would have thee love.
Fab. Why, how now, madcap? What, my lusty Frank,
So near a wife, and will not tell your friend?
But you will to this gear in hugger-mugger;
Art thou turned miser, rascal, in thy loves?

Frank. Who, I? 'S Blood, what should you all see in me that I should look like a married man, ha? Am I bald? are my legs too little for my hose? If I feel anything in my forehead, I am a villain. Do I wear a nightcap? do I bend in the hams? What dost thou see in me, that I should be towards marriage, ha?

Harry. What, thou married? Let me look upon thee, rogue. Who hast given out this of thee? how cam'st thou into this ill name? What company hast thou been in, rascal?

Fab. You are the man, sir, must have Millicent,
The match is making in the garden now;
Her jointure is agreed on, and th' old men
Your fathers, mean to launch their buey bags,
But in meantime to thrust Mounchensey off.
For colour of this new intended match,
Fair Millicent to Cheston must be sent,
To take the approbation for a nun.
Ne'er look upon me, lad, the match is done.

Frank. Raymond Mounchensey, now I touch thy grief
With the true feeling of a zealous friend.
And as for fair and beauteous Millicent,
With my vain breath I will not seek to slubber
Her angel-like perfections; but thou know'st
That Essex hath the saint that I adore.
Where e'er did we meet thee and wanton springs,
That like a wag thou hast not laughed at me,

And with regardless jesting mocked my love?
How many a sad and weary summer night
My sighs have drank the dew from off the earth,
And I have taught the nightingale to wake,
And from the meadows sprung the early lark
An hour before she should have list to sing:
I have loaded the poor minutes with my moans,
That I have made the heavy slow-paced hours
To hang like heavy clogs upon the day:
But, dear Mounchensey, had not my affection
Seized on the beauty of another dame,
Before I would wrong the chase, and overgive love
Of one so worthy, and so true a friend,
I will abjure both beauty and her sight,
And will in love become a counterfeit.

Ray. Dear Jerningham, thou hast begot my life,
And from the mouth of hell, where now I sat,
I feel my spirit rebound against the stars:
Thou hast conquered me, my dear friend; in my free soul
Nor time nor death can by their power control.

Fab. Frank Jerningham, thou art a gallant boy;
And were he not my pupil, I would say
He were as fine a mettled gentleman
Of as free a spirit, and of as fine a temper
As is in England; and he is a man
That very richly may deserve thy love.—
But, noble Clare, this while of our discourse
What may Mounchensey's honour to thyself

Exact upon the measure of thy grace?
Harry. Raymond Mounchensey? I would have thee know
He does not breathe this air,
Whose love I cherish, and whose soul I love
More than Mounchensey's:
Nor ever in my life did see the man
Whom, for his wit and many virtuous parts,
I think more worthy of my sister's love.
But since the matter grows unto this pass,
I must not seem to cross my father's will;
But when thou list to visit her by night,
My horses saddled, and the stable door
Stands ready for thee; use them at thy pleasure.
In honest marriage wed her frankly, boy,
And if thou gett'st her, lad, God give thee joy.
Ray. Then, Care, away! let fates my fall pretend,
Backed with the favours of so true a friend.
Fab. Let us alone to bustle for the set;
For age and craft with wit and art have met.
I'll make my spirits to dance such nightly jigs
Along the way 'twixt this and Tot'nam cross,
The carrier's jades shall cast their heavy packs,
And the strong hedges scarce shall keep them in;
The milkmaids' cuts shall turn the wenches off,
And lay the dossers tumbling in the dust:
The frank and merry London 'prentices,
That come for cream and lusty country cheer,
Shall lose their way; and scrambling in the ditches

All night shall whoop and halloo, cry and call,
Yet none to other find the way at all.

Ray. Pursue the project, scholar: what we can do
To help endeavour, join ourselves thereto. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Waltham. The House of Banks the Miller.*

Enter Banks, Sir John, and Smug.

Banks. Take me with you, good Sir John! A plague on thee Smug! an thou touchest liquor, thou art foundered straight. What, are your brains alwaye water-mills? must they ever run round?

Smug. Banks, your ale is a Philistine fox; heart, there's fire i' the tail on 't; you are a rogue to charge us with mugs i' th' rearward. A plague of this wind; Oh it tickles our catastrophe! 8

Sir John. Neighbour Banks of Waltham, and goodman Smug, the honest smith of Edmonton, as I dwell betwixt you both at Enfield. I know the taste of both your ale-houses; they are good both, smart both. Hem, grass and hay! we are all mortal; let's live till we die, and be merry, and there's an end.

Banks. Well said, Sir John, you are of the same humour still; and doth the water run the same way still, boy? 17

Smug. Vulcan was a rogue to him; Sir John, lock, lock, lock fast, Sir John; so, Sir John. I'll one of these years, when it shall please the Goddesses and the Destinies, be drunk in your company; that's all now, and God send us health; shall I swear I love you? 22

Sir John. No oaths, no oaths, good neighbour Smug;
We'll wet our lips together and hug!
Carouse in private, and elevate the heart, and the liver and the lights—and the lights, mark you me—within us; for, hem, grass and hay! we are all mortal; let's live till we die, and be merry, and there's an end. 29

Banks. But to our former motion about stealing some venison; whither go we?

Sir John. Into the forest, neighbour Banks, into Brian's walk, the mad keeper.

Smug. 'S blood! I'll tickle your keeper.

Banks. I' faith, thou art always drunk when we have need of thee.

Smug. Need of me? 's heart! you shall have need of me always, while there's iron in an anvil.

Banks. Master Parson, may the smith go, think you, being in this taking? 40

Smug. Go? I'll go in spite of all the bells in Waltham.

Sir John. The question is, good neighbour Banks—let me see; the moon shines to-night—there's not

ne'er a bridge betwixt this and the forest—his brain will be settled ere night; he may go, he may go, neighbour Banks. Now we want none but the company of mine host Blague of the George at Waltham; if he were here, our consort were full. Look where comes my good host, the Duke of Norfolk's man; and how? and how?—ahem, grass and hay! we are not yet mortal; let's live till we die, and be merry, and there's an end.

Enter Host.

Host. Ha, my Castalian dialogues! and art thou in breath still, boy? Miller, doth the match hold? Smith, I see by thy eyes thou hast been reading little Geneva print: but wend we merrily to the forest, to steal some of the king's deer! I'll meet you at the time appointed. Away, I have knights and colonels at my house, and must tend the Hungarians. If we be scared in the forest, we'll meet in the church-porch at Enfield; is't correspondent?

Banks. 'Tis well; but how if any of us should be taken?

Smug. He shall have ransom, by the Lord.

Host. Tush, the knave keepers are my bosonians and my pensioners. Nine o'clock! be valiant my little Gogmagogs; I'll fence with all the justices of Hertfordshire. I'll have a buck till I die; I'll slay a doe while I live. Hold your bow straight and steady. I serve the good Duke of Norfolk.

Smug. Oh, rare! who, ho, ho, boy!

Sir John. Peace, neighbour Smug. You see this is a boor, a boor of the country, an illiterate boor, and yet the citizen of good fellows. Come, let's provide; ahem, grass and hay! we are not yet all mortal; we'll live till we die, and be merry, and there's an end. Come, Smug!

Smug. Good night, Waltham—who, ho, ho, boy! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Waltham. A Room in the George Inn.*

Enter the Knights and Gentlemen from breakfast again.

Moun. Nor I for thee, Clare, not of this.
What? hast thou fed me all this while with shalls,
And com'st to tell me now thou lik'st it not?

Clare. I do not hold thy offer competent;
Nor do I like th' assurance of thy land,
The title is so brangled with thy debts.

Moun. Too good for thee;—and, knight, thou know'st it well,
I fawned not on thee for thy goods, not I;
'Twas thine own motion; that, thy wife doth know.

Dor. Husband, it was so; he lies not in that.

Clare. Hold thy chat, quean.

Moun. To which I hearkened willingly, and the rather,
Because I was pursuaded it proceeded
From love thou bor'st to me and to my boy;

And gav'st him free access unto thy house,
Where he hath not behaved himself to thy child
But as befits a gentleman to do:
Nor is my poor distressèd state so low,
That I'll shut up my doors, I warrant thee.
Clare. Let it suffice, Mounchensey, I mislike it;
Nor think thy son a match fit for my child.
Moun. I tell thee, Clare, his blood is good and clear
As the best drop that panteth in thy veins:
But for this maid, thy fair and virtuous child,
She is no more disparaged by thy baseness
Than the most orient and precious jewel
Which still retains his lustre and his beauty,
Although a slave were owner of the same.
Clare. She is the last is left me to bestow,
And her I mean to dedicate to God.
Moun. You do, sir?
Clare. Sir, sir, I do; she is mine own.
Moun. And pity she is so!—
Damnation dog thee and thy wretched pelf! [*Aside.*
Clare. Not thou, Mounchensey, shalt bestow my child.
Moun. Neither shouldst thou bestow her where thou mean'st.
Clare. What wilt thou do?
Moun. No matter, let that be;
I will do that, perhaps, shall anger thee:
Thou hast wronged my love, and, by God's blessed angel!

Thou shalt well know it.

Clare. Tut, [tut,] brave not me.

Moun. Brave thee, base churl! Were't not for manhood's sake—

I say no more,—but that there be some by
Whose [heyday] blood is hotter than ours is,
Which, being stirred, might make us both repent
This foolish meeting.—But, Harry Clare,
Although thy father have abused my friendship,
Yet I love thee, I do, my noble boy,
I do, i' faith!

Dor. Ay, do, do!

Fill all the world with talk of us, man, man;
I never looked for better at your hands.

Fab. I hoped your great experience and your years
Would have proved patience rather to your soul,
Than with this frantic and untamed passion
To whet their skeins; and, but for that,
I hope their friendships are too well confirmed,
And their minds tempered with more kindly heat
Than for their froward parents' soars,
That they should break forth into public brawls.
Howe'er the rough hand of th' untoward world
Hath moulded your proceedings in this matter,
Yet I am sure the first intent was love:
Then since the first spring was so sweet and warm
Let it die gently; ne'er kill it with a scorn.

Ray. Oh, thou base world, how leperous is that soul
That is once limed in that polluted mud!

Oh, Sir Arthur, you have startled his free active spirit
With a too sharp spur for his mind to bear.
Have patience, sir; the remedy to woe
Is to leave what of force we must forgo.

Mil. And I must take a twelvemonth's approbation,
That in meantime this sole and private life
At the year's end may fashion me a wife.
But, sweet Mounchensey, ere this year be done,
Thou'st be a friar, if that I be a nun.
And, father, ere young Jerningham's I'll be,
I will turn mad to spite both him and thee. [*Aside.*

Clare. Wife, come, to horse, and huswife, make you ready;
For, if I live, I swear by this good light,
I'll see you lodged in Cheston house to-night.

[*Exeunt Clare and Dorcas.*

Moun. Raymond, away! Thou seest how matters fall.—
Churl, hell consume thee, and thy pelf and all!

Fab. Now, Master Clare, you see how matters fadge;
Your Millicent must needs be made a nun.
Well, sir, we are the men must ply this match;
Hold you your peace, and be a looker-on:
And send her unto Cheston when he will,—
I'll send me fellows of a handful high
Into the cloisters where the nuns frequènt,
Shall make them skip like does about the dale,
And with the lady prioress of the house

To play at leap-frog, naked in their smocks;
And tickling these mad lasses in their flanke,
Shall sprawl, and squeak, and pinch their fellow nuns
Until the merry wenches at their mass
Cry teehee weehee.—
Be lively, boys, before the wench we lose,
I'll make the abbese wear the canon's hose. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same.*

Enter Harry Clare, Frank Jerningham, Peter Fabell, and Millicent.

Harry. Spite now hath done her worst; sister, be patient!

Frank. Forewarned poor Raymond's company! Oh, heaven!
When the composure of weak frailty meet
Upon this mart of dirt, Oh, then weak love
Must in her own unhappiness be silent,
And wink at all deformities.

Mil. 'Tis well:
Where's Raymond, brother? Where's my dear Mounchensey?
Would we might weep together and then part;
Our sighing parle would much ease my heart.

Fab. Sweet beauty, fold your sorrowe in the thought
Of future reconcilement. Let your tears
Show you a woman; but be no farther spent

Than from the eyes; for, sweet, experience says,
That love is firm that's flattered with delays.
Mil. Alas, sir, think you I shall e'er be his?
Fab. As sure as parting smiles on future bliss.
Yond comes my friend! See, he hath doted
So long upon your beauty, that your want
Will with a pale retirement waste his blood;
For in true love music doth sweetly dwell:
Severed, these less worlds bear within them hell.

Enter Raymond Mounchensey.

Ray. Harry and Frank, you are enjoined to wean
Your friendship from me; we must part; the breath
Of all-advised corruption (pardon me!—
Faith, I must say so;—you may think I love you;
I breathe no rougher spite) doth sever us:
We'll meet by stealth, sweet friend,—by stealth you twain;
Kisses are sweetest, got with struggling pain.
Frank. Our friendship dies not, Raymond.
Ray. Pardon me:
I am busied; I have lost my faculties,
And buried them in Millicent's clear eyes.
Mil. Alas, sweet love, what shall become of me?
I must to Cheston, to the nunnery;
I shall ne'er see thee more.
Ray. How, sweet?
I will be thy votary, we'll often meet:
This kiss divides us, and breathes soft adieu,—

This be a double charm to keep both true.

Fab. Have done: your fathers may chance spy your parting.

Refuse not you by any means, good sweetness,
To go unto the nunnery; far from hence
Must we beget your love's sweet happiness.
You shall not stay there long; your harder bed
Shall be more soft when nun and maid are dead.

Enter Bilbo.

Ray. Now, sirrah, what's the matter?

Bil. Marry, you must to horse presently; that villainous old gouty churl, Sir Arthur Clare, longs till he be at the nunnery.

Harry. How, sir?

Bil. Oh, I cry you mercy, he is your father, sir, indeed; but I am sure that there's less affinity betwixt your two natures than there is between a broker and a cutpurse.

Ray. Bring my gelding, sir.

Bil. Well, nothing grieves me, but for the poor wench; she must now cry *vale* to lobster pies, artichokes, and all such meats of mortality. Poor gentlewoman! the sign must not be in *Virgo* any longer with her, and that me grieves full well.

Poor Millicent
Must pray and repent:
Oh, fatal wonder!
She'll now be no fatter,

Love must not come at her,
Yet she shall be kept under. [*Exit.*

Frank. Farewell, dear Raymond.

Harry. Friend, adieu.

Mil. Dear sweet,
No joy enjoys my heart till we next meet.

[*Exeunt Frank, Harry, and Millicent.*

Fab. Well, Raymond, now the tide of discontent
Beats in thy face; but ere 't be long, the wind
Shall turn the flood. We must to Waltham Abbey,
And as fair Millicent in Cheeton lives,
A most unwilling nun, so thou shalt there
Become a beardless novice; to what end,
Let time and future accidents declare:
Taste thou my sleights, thy love I'll only share.

Ray. Turn friar? Come, my good councillor, let's go,
Yet that disguise will hardly shroud my woe.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Cheston Priory.*

Enter the Prioress of Cheston, with a nun or two, Sir Arthur Clare, Sir Ralph Jerningham, Harry and Frank, the Lady [*Dorcas*], *and Bilbo, with Millicent.*

Dor. Madam,
The love unto this holy sisterhood,
And our confirmed opinion of your zeal,
Hath truly won us to bestow our child
Rather on this than any neighbouring cell.

Pri. Jesu's daughter, Mary's child,
Holy matron, woman mild,
For thee a mass shall still be said,
Every sister drop a bead;
And those again succeeding them,
For you shall sing a requiem.

Frank. The wench is gone, Harry; she is no more a woman of this world. Mark her well, she looks like a nun already. What thinkst on her? [*Aside.*

Harry. By my faith, her face comes handsomely to 't. But peace, let 's hear the rest. [*Aside.*

Clare. Madam, for a twelvemonth's approbation,
We mean to make this trial of our child.
Your care and our dear blessing, in meantime,
We pray may prosper this intended work.

Pri. May your happy soul be blithe,
That so truly pay your tithe:
He who many children gave,
'Tis fit that He one child should have.
Then, fair virgin, hear my spell,
For I must your duty tell.

Mil. Good men and true, stand together, and hear your charge. [*Aside.*

Pri. First, a-mornings take your book,
The glass wherein yourself must look;
Your young thoughts, so proud and jolly,
Must be turned to motions holy;
For your busk, attires, and toys,
Have your thoughts on heavenly joys;
And for all your follies past
You must do penance, pray, and fast.

Bil. Let her take heed of fasting; and if ever she hurt herself with praying, I'll ne'er trust beast. [*Aside.*

Mil. This goes hard, by 'r Lady. [*Aside.*

Pri. You shall ring the sacring bell,
Keep your hours, and toll your knell,
Rise at midnight to your matins,
Read your Psalter, sing your Latins
And when your blood shall kindle pleasure
Scourge yourself in plenteous measure.

Mil. Worse and worse, by Saint Mary! [*Aside.*

Frank. Sirrah Hal, how does she hold her countenance? Well, go thy ways, if ever you prove a

nun, I'll build an Abbey. [*Aside.*

Harry. She may be a nun; but if ever she [50
prove an anchoress, I'll dig her grave with my nails.
[*Aside.*

Frank. To her again, mother!]*Aside.*

Harry. Hold thine own, wench! [*Aside.*

Pri. You must read the morning's mass,
You must creep unto the cross,
Put cold ashes on your head,
Have a hair-cloth for your bed.

Bil. She had rather have a man in her bed. [*Aside.*

Pri. Bid your beads, and tell your needs,
Your holy aves and your creeds; 60
Holy maid, this must be done,
If you mean to live a nun.

Mil. The holy maid will be no nun. [*Aside.*

Clare. Madam, we have some business of import,
And must be gone.
Wilt please you take my wife into your closet,
Who further will acquaint you with my mind;
And so, good madam, for this time adieu.
[*Exeunt women.*

Jer. Well now, Frank Jerningham, how sayest thou?
To be brief,— 70
What wilt thou say for all this, if we two
Her father and myself, can bring about,
That we convert this nun to be a wife,
And thou the husband to this pretty nun?

How then, my lad? ha, Frank, it may be done!

Harry. Ay, now it works.

Frank. Oh, God, sir, you amaze me at your words;
Think with yourself, sir, what a thing it were
To cause a recluse to remove her vow:
A maimed, contrite, and repentant soul,
Ever mortified with fasting and with prayer,
Whose thoughts, even as her eyes, are fixed on heaven,
To draw a virgin thus devoured with zeal,
Back to the world. Oh, impious deed!
Nor by the canon law can it be done
Without a dispensation from the Church;
Besides, she is so prone unto this life,
As she'll even shriek to hear a husband named.

Bil. Ay, a poor innocent, she! Well, here's no knavery; he flouts the old fools to their teeth. [*Aside.*

Jer. Boy, I am glad to hear
Thou makst such scruple of that conscience;
And in a man so young as is yourself,
I promise you, 'tis very seldom seen.
But Frank, this is a trick, a mere device,
A sleight plotted betwixt her father and myself,
To thrust Mounchensey's nose beside the cushion;
That, being debarred of all access,
Time yet may work him from her thoughts,
And give thee ample scope to thy desires.

Bil. A plague on you both for a couple of Jews!
[*Aside.*

Harry. How now, Frank, what say you to that?
[*Aside to Frank.*

Frank. Let me alone, I warrant thee.—
[*Aside to Harry.*

Sir, assumed that this motion doth proceed
From your most kind and fatherly affection,
I do dispose my liking to your pleasure:
But, for it is a matter of such moment
As holy marriage, I must crave this much,
To have some conference with my ghostly father,
Friar Hildersham, here by, at Waltham Abbey,
To be absolved of things that it is fit
None only but my confessor should know.

Jer. With all my heart. He is a reverend man;
And to-morrow morning we will meet at the Abbey,
Where by th' opinion of that reverend man
We will proceed; I like it passing well.
Till then we part, boy; ay, think of it; farewell!
A parent's care no mortal tongue can tell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before the Priory gate.*

Enter Sir Arthur Clare, and Raymond Mounchensey like a Friar.

Clare. Holy young novice, I have told you now
My full intent, and do refer the rest
To your professed secrecy and care:

And see,
Our serious speech hath stol'n upon the way,
That we are come unto the Abbey gate.
Because I know Mounchensey is a fox,
That craftily doth overlook my doings,
I'll not be seen, not I. Tush, I have done,
I had a daughter, but she's now a nun.
Farewell dear son, farewell! [*Exit.*

Ray. Fare you well!—Ay, you have done!
Your daughter, sir, shall not be long a nun.
Oh, my rare tutor, never mortal brain
Plotted out such a mass of policy;
And my dear bosom is so great with laughter,
Begot by his simplicity and error,
My soul is fall'n in labour with her joy.
Oh my true friends, Frank Jerningham and Clare,
Did you now know but how this jest takes fire,
That good Sir Arthur, thinking me a novice,
Hath even poured himself into my bosom,—
Oh, you would vent your spleens with tickling mirth!
But, Raymond, peace, and have an eye about,
For fear, perhaps, some of the nuns look out.
Peace and charity within,
Never touched with deadly sin;
I cast my holy water pure
On this wall and on this door,
That from evil shall defend,
And keep you from the ugly fiend:
Evil spirit by night nor day,

Shall approach or come this way;
Elf nor fairy, by this grace,
Day nor night shall haunt this place.
Holy maidens! [*Knocks.*
[*Answer within.*] Who 's that which knocks? Ha, who is there?

Ray. Gentle nun, here is a friar.

Enter Nun.

Nun. A friar without, now Christ us save!
Holy man, what wouldst thou have?
Ray. Holy maid, I hither come
From Friar and Father Hildersham,
By the favour and the grace
Of the Prioress of this place,
Amongst you all to visit one
That 's come for approbation;
Before she was as now you are,
The daughter of Sir Arthur Clare.
But since she now became a nun,
Called Millicent of Edmonton.
Nun. Holy man, repose you there;
This news I'll to our Abbess bear,
To tell her what a man is sent,
And your message and intent.
Ray. Benedicite.
Nun. Benedicite. [*Exit.*
Ray. Do, my good plump wench; if all fall right, I'll make your sisterhood one less by night:

Now happy fortune speed this merry drift,
I like a wench comes roundly to her shrift.

Enter Lady [Dorcas] and Millicent.

Dor. Have friars recourse then to the house of nuns?

Mil. Madam, it is the order of this place,
When any virgin comes for approbation,—
Lest that for fear or such sinister practice,
She should be forced to undergo this veil,
Which should proceed from conscience and devotion,
—A visitor is sent from Waltham House
To take the true confession of the maid.

Dor. Is that the order? I commend it well;
You to your shrift, I'll back unto the cell. [*Exit.*

Ray. Life of my soul! bright angel—

Mil. What means the friar?

Ray. Oh, Millicent, 'tis I.

Mil. My heart misgives me; I should know that voice.—
You? who are you? the holy virgin bless me!
Tell me your name; you shall ere you confess me.

Ray. Mounchensey, thy true friend.

Mil. My Raymond, my dear heart!—
Sweet life, give leave to my distracted soul,
To wake a little from this swoon of joy.—
By what means cam'st thou to assume this shape?

Ray. By means of Peter Fabell, my kind tutor,
Who in the habit of Friar Hildersham,

Frank Jerningham's old friend and confessor,
[Helped me to act the part of priestly novice]
Plotted by Frank, by Fabell and myself,
And so delivered to Sir Arthur Clare,
Who brought me here unto the Abbey gate,
To be his nun-made daughter's visitor.

Mil. You are sweet traitors to my poor old father.
Oh, my dear life! I was a-dreamed to-night
That, as I was a-praying in my Psalter,
There came a spirit unto me as I kneeled
And by his strong persuasions tempted me
To leave this nunnery; and methought
He came in the most glorious angel-shape,
That mortal eye did ever look upon.—
Ha! thou art sure that spirit, for there' no form
Is in mine eye so glorious as thine own.

Ray. Oh, thou idolatress, that dost this worship
To him whose likeness is but praise of thee!
Thou bright unsetting star, which through this veil,
For very envy, mak'st the sun look pale!

Mil. Well, visitor, lest that perhaps my mother
Should think the friar too strict in his decrees,
I will confess to my sweet ghostly father:
If chaste pure love be sin, I must confess,
I have offended three years now with thee.

Ray. But do you repent of the same?

Mil. I'faith, I cannot.

Ray. Nor will I absolve thee
Of that sweet sin, though it be venial;

Yet have the penance of a thousand kisses,
And I enjoin you to this pilgrimage:
That in the evening you bestow yourself
Here in the walk near to the willow ground,
Where I'll be ready both with man and horse
To wait your coming, and convey you hence
Unto a lodge I have in Enfield Chase.
No more reply, if that you yield consent—
I see more eyes upon our stay are bent.

Mil. Sweet life, farewell! 'Tis done: let that suffice;
What my tongue fails, I send thee by my eyes. [*Exit.*

Enter Fabell, Harry Clare, and Frank Jerningham.

Frank. Now, visitor, how does this new-made nun?

Harry. Come, come, how does she, noble Capuchin?

Ray. She may be poor in spirit, but for the flesh,
'Tis fat and plump, boys. Ah, rogues, there is
A company of girls would turn you all friars.

Fab. But how, Mounchensey, how lad, for the wench?

Ray. Zounds, lads, i'faith, I thank my holy habit,
I have confessed her, and the Lady Prioress
Hath given me ghostly counsel with her blessing.
And how say ye, boys,
If I be chose the weekly visitor?

Harry. 'Sblood, she'll have ne'er a nun unbagged to sing mass then.

Frank. The Abbot of Waltham will have as many

children to put to nurse as he has calves in the Marsh.

Ray. Well, be brief, the nun soon at night will turn tippet; if I can but devise to quit her cleanly of the nunnery, she is mine own.

Fab. But, sirrah Raymond,
What news of Peter Fabell at the house?

Ray. Tush, he 's the only man;
A necromancer and a conjurer
That works for young Mounchensey altogether;
And if it be not for Friar Benedick,
That he can cross him by his learnèd skill,
The wench is gone;
Fabell will fetch her out by very magic.

Fab. Stands the wind there, boy? Keep thou in that key,
The wench is ours before to-morrow day.
Well, Harry and Frank, as ye are gentlemen,
Stick to us close this once! You know your fathers
Have men and horse lie ready still at Cheston,
To watch the coast be clear, to scout about,
And have an eye unto Mounchensey's walks;
Therefore you two may hover thereabouts,
And no man suspect you for the matter;
Be ready but to take her at our hands,
Leave us to scamble for her getting out.

Frank. 'Sblood, if all Hertfordshire were at our heels,
We'll carry her away in spite of them.

Harry. But whither, Raymond?

Ray. To Brian's upper lodge in Enfield Chase;
He is mine honest friend and tall keeper;
I'll send my man unto him presently
T' acquaint him with your coming and intent.

Fab. Be brief and secret.

Ray. Soon at midnight remember
You bring your horses to the willow ground.

Frank. 'Tis done; no more!

Harry. We will not fail the hour:
My life and fortune now lies in your power.

Fab. About our business! Raymond, let's away!
Think of your hour; it draws well off the day.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Enfield Chase.*

Enter Blague, Banks, Smug, and Sir John.

Host. Come, ye Hungarian pilchers, we are once more come under the *zona torrida* of the forest. Let's be resolute, let's fly to and again; and if the devil come, we'll put him to his interrogatories, and not budge a foot. What? 'Sfoot, I'll put fire into you, ye shall all three serve the good Duke of Norfolk.

Smug. Mine host, my bully, my precious consul, my noble Holofernes, I have been drunk i' thy house

twenty times and ten; all's one for that: but I was last night in the third heavens, my brain was poor, it had yeast in't; but now I am a man of action; is't not so, lad?

Banks. Why, now thou hast two of the liberal sciences about thee, wit and reason, thou mayst serve the Duke of Europe.

Smug. I will serve the Duke of Christendom, and do him more credit in his cellar than all the plate in his buttery; is't not so, lad?

Sir John. Mine host and Smug, stand there; Banks, you and your horse keep together; but lie close, show no tricks, for fear of the keeper. If we be scared, we'll meet in the church-porch at Enfield.

Smug. Content, Sir John.

Banks. Smug, dost thou remember the tree thou fell'st out of last night?

Smug. Tush, an't had been as high as the Abbey, I should never have hurt myself; I have fallen into the river, coming home from Waltham, and 'scaped drowning.

Sir John. Come, sever, fear no spirits! We 'll have a buck presently; we have watched later than this for a doe, mine host.

Host. Thou speak'st as true as velvet.

Sir John. Why, then, come! Grass and hay, &c.

[*Exeunt*

Enter Harry Clare, Frank Jerningham, and Millicent.

Harry. Frank Jerningham!

Frank. Speak softly, rogue; how now?

Harry. 'Sfoot, we shall lose our way, it's so dark; whereabouts are we?

Frank. Why, man, at Potter's gate; the way lies right. Hark! the clock strikes at Enfield; what's the hour?

Harry. Ten, the bell says.

Frank. A lies in's throat, it was but eight when we set out of Cheston. Sir John and his sexton are at their ale to-night, the clock runs at random.

Harry. Nay, as sure as thou liv'st, the villianous vicar is abroad in the Chase this dark night: the stone priest steals more venison than half the country.

Frank. Millicent, how dost thou?

Mil. Sir, very well.
I would to God we were at Brian's lodge.

Harry. We shall anon: zounds, hark! what means this noise?

Frank. Stay, I hear horsemen.

Harry. I hear footmen too.

Frank. Nay, then I have it; we have been discovered,
And we are followed by our fathers' men.

Mil. Brother and friend, alas! what shall we do?

Harry. Sister, speak softly, or we are descried.
They are hard upon us, whatsoe'er they be;
Shadow yourself behind this brake of fern,
We'll get into the wood, and let them pass.

Enter Sir John, Blague, Smug, and Banks, one after another.

Sir John. Grass and hay! we are all mortal; the keeper 's abroad, and there 's an end.

Banks. Sir John!

Sir John. Neighbour Banks, what newe?

Banks. Zwounds, Sir John, the keepers are abroad; I was hard by them.

Sir John. Grass and hay! where 's mine host Blague?

Host. Here, Metropolitan. The Philistines are upon us, be silent; let us serve the good Duke of Norfolk. But where is Smug?

Smug. Here; a pox on ye all, doge; I have killed the greatest buck in Brian's walk. Shift for yourselves, all the keepers are up. Let 's meet in Enfield church-porch; away, we are all taken else. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Brian, with his man [*Ralph*], *and his hounds.*

Brian. Ralph, hear'st thou anything?

Ralph. I heard one speak here hard by, in the bottom. Peace, master, speak low; zounds, if I did not hear a bow go off, and the buck bray, I never heard deer in my life.

Brian. When went your fellows out into their walks?

Ralph. An hour ago.

Brian. 'S life, is there stealers abroad, and they cannot hear of them? Where the devil are my men

to-night ?—
Sirrah, go up the wind towards Buckley's lodge ;
I'll cast about the bottom with my hound,
And I will meet thee under Coney-oak.

Ralph. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Brian. How now ? By the mass, my hound stays upon something ; hark, hark, Bowman, hark, hark, there !

Mil. Brother, Frank Jerningham, brother Clare !

Brian. Peace ; that 's a woman's voice ! Stand ! Who 's there ? Stand, or I'll shoot.

Mil. O Lord ! hold your hands, I mean no harm, sir.

Brian. Speak, who are you ?

Mil. I am a maid, sir. Who ? Master Brian ?

Brian. The very same ; sure, I should know her voice ;
Mistress Millicent ?

Mil. Ay, it is I, sir.

Brian. God for his passion ! what make you here alone ?
I looked for you at my lodge an hour ago.
What means your company to leave you thus ?
Who brought you hither ?

Mil. My brother, sir, and Master Jerningham,
Who, hearing folks about us in the Chase,
Feared it had been Sir Ralph and my father,
Who had pursued us, thus dispersed ourselves,
Till they were passed us.

Brian. But where be they ?

Mil. They be not far off, here about the grove.

Re-enter Harry Clare, and Frank Jerningham.

Harry. Be not afraid, man, I heard Brian's tongue, that's certain.

Frank. Call softly for your sister.

Harry. Millicent!

Mil. Ay, brother, here.

Brian. Master Clare!

Harry. I told you it was Brian.

Brian. Who's that? Master Jerningham! You are a couple of hot-shots; does a man commit his wench to you, to put her to grass at this time of night?

Frank. We heard a noise about here in the Chase,
And fearing that our fathers had pursued us,
Severed ourselves.

Harry. Brian, how hapd'st thou on her?

Brian. Seeking for stealers are abroad to-night,
My hand stayed on her, and so found her out.

Harry. They were these stealers that affrighted us;
I was hard upon them when they horsed their deer,
And I perceive they took me for a keeper.

Brian. Which way took they?

Frank. Towards Enfield.

Brian. A plague upon't, that's that damned priest, and Blague of the George; he that serves the good Duke of Norfolk.

[*A noise within: Follow, follow, follow.*

Harry. Peace, that' s my father's voice.

Brian. Zounds, you suspected them, and now they are here indeed.

Mil. Alas! what shall we do?

Brian. If you go to the lodge, you are surely taken.
Strike down the wood to Enfield presently,
And if Mounchensey come, I'll send him t' ye.
Let me alone to bustle with your fathers;
I warrant you that I will keep them play
Till you have quit the Chase;—away, away!

[*Exeunt all but Brian.*

Who 's there?

Enter the Knights.

Jer. In the King's name, pursue the ravisher!

Brian. Stand, or I'll shoot.

Clare. Who 's there?

Brian. I am the keeper that do charge you stand;
You have stolen my deer.

Clare. We stolen thy deer? we do pursue a thief.

Brian. Ye are arrant thieves, and ye have stolen my deer.

Jer. We are knights; Sir Arthur Clare, and Sir Ralph Jerningham.

Brian. The more your shame, that knights should be such thieves.

Clare. Who, or what art thou?

Brian. My name is Brian, keeper of this walk.

Clare. Oh, Brian, a villain!

Thou hast received my daughter to thy lodge.

Brian. You have stolen the best deer in my walk to-night. My deer!

Clare. My daughter!

Stop not my way!

Brian. What make you in my walk?
You have stolen the best buck in my walk to-night.

Clare. My daughter!

Brian. My deer!

Clare. Where is Mounchensey?

Brian. Where is my buck.

Clare. I will complain me of thee to the king.

Brian. I'll complain unto the king you spoil his game:
'Tis strange that men of your account and calling
Will offer it!
I'll tell you true, Sir Arthur and Sir Ralph,
That none but you have only spoiled my game.

Clare. I charge you, stop us not!

Brian. I charge you both ye get out of my ground!
Is this a time for such as you,
Men of your place and of your gravity,
To be abroad a-thieving? 'Tis a shame!
And afore God, if I had a shot at you,
I had served you well enough. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Enfield Churchyard.*

Enter Banks the Miller, wet on his legs.

Banks. 'S foot, here's a dark night indeed! I think I have been in fifteen ditches between this and the forest. Soft, here's Enfield Church; I am so wet with climbing over into an orchard for to steal some filberts. Well, here I'll sit in the church-porch, and wait for the rest of my consort.

Enter the Sexton.

Sex. Here's a sky as black as Lucifer, God bless us! Here was goodman Theophilus buried; he was the best nutcracker that ever dwelt in Enfield. Well, 'tis nine o'clock, 'tis time to ring curfew. Lord bless us, what a white thing is that in the church-porch! Oh Lord, my legs are too weak for my body, my hair is too stiff for my nightcap, my heart fails; this is the ghost of Theophilus. Oh Lord, it follows me! I cannot say my prayers, an one would give me a thousand pound. Good spirit, I have bowled and drunk and followed the hounds with you a thousand times, though I have not the spirit now to deal with you. Oh Lord!

Enter Sir John.

Sir John. Grass and hay! we are all mortal. Who's there? 21

Sex. We are grass and hay indeed; I know you

to be Master Parson by your phrase.

Sir John. Sexton!

Sex. Ay, sir!

Sir John. For mortality's sake, what's the matter?

Sex. Oh Lord! I am a man of another element; Master Theophilus' ghost is in the church-porch. There was a hundred cats, all fire, dancing here even now, and they clomb up to the top of the steeple; I'll not into the belfry for a world.

Sir John. Oh good Soloman, I have been about a deed of darkness to-night! Oh Lord, I saw fifteen spirits in the forest like white bulls; if I lie, I am an arrant thief: mortality haunts us—grass and hay! the devil's at our heels, and let's hence to the parsonage. [*Exeunt.*

[*The Miller comes out very softly.*

Banks. What noise was that? 'Tis the watch, sure; that villainous unhappy rogue, Smug, is ta'en, upon my life; and then all our villainy comes out; I heard one cry, sure.

Enter Host Blague.

Host. If I go steal any more venison, I am a paradox. 'S foot, I can scarce bear the sin of my flesh in the day, 'tis so heavy; if I turn not honest, and serve the good Duke of Norfolk, as true mare-terraneum skinker should do, let me never look higher than the element of a constable.

Banks. By the Lord, there are some watchmen!

I hear them name Master Constable; I would to God my mill were an eunuch, and wanted her stones, so I were hence. 51

Host. Who 's there?

Banks. 'Tis the constable, by this light! I'll steal hence, and if I can meet mine host Blague, I'll tell how Smug is ta'en, and will him to look to himself. [*Exit.*

Host. What the devil is that white thing? This same is a churchyard, and I have heard that ghosts and villainous goblins have been seen here. 58

Enter Sexton and Sir John.

Sir John. Grass and hay! Oh that I could conjure! We saw a spirit here in the churchyard; and in the fallow field there's the devil with a man's body upon his back in a white sheet.

Sex. It may be a woman's body, Sir John.

Sir John. If she be a woman, the sheets damn her. Lord bless us, what a night of mortality is this!

Host. Priest!

Sir John. Mine host!

Host. Did you not see a spirit all in white cross you at the stile? 69

Sex. Oh no, mine host: but there sat one in the porch; I have not breath enough left to bless me from the devil.

Host. Who 's that?

Sir John. The sexton, almost frighted out of his

wits. Did you see Banks or Smug?

Host. No; they are gone to Waltham, sure. I would fain hence; come, let's to my house: I'll ne'er serve the Duke of Norfolk in this fashion again whilst I breathe. If the devil be amongst us, 'tis time to hoist sail, and cry roomer. Keep together; sexton thou art secret. What! let's be comfortable one to another. 82

Sir John. We are all mortal, mine host.

Host. True; and I'll serve God in the night hereafter afore the Duke of Norfolk. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Waltham. An Inn opposite the George.*

Enter Sir Arthur Clare, and Sir Ralph Jerningham, trussing their points as new up.

Jer. Good morrow, gentle knight.
A happy day after your short night's rest!

Clare. Ha, ha, Sir Ralph, stirring so soon, indeed?
By' r Lady, sir, rest would have done right well;
Our riding late last night has made me drowsy.
Go to, go to, those days are gone with us.

Jer. Sir Arthur, Sir Arthur, care go with those days,
Let 'em even go together, let 'em go!
'Tis time, i'faith, that we were in our graves,

When children leave obedience to their parents,
When there's no fear of God, no care, no duty.
Well, well, nay, nay, it shall not do, it shall not;
No, Mounchensey, thou 'lt hear on 't, thou shalt,
Thou shalt, 'i faith!
I'll hang thy son, if there be law in England.
A man's child ravished from a nunnery!
This is rare!
Well, well, there 's one gone to Friar Hildersham.

Clare. Nay, gentle knight, do not vex thus, it will but hurt your health. You cannot grieve more than I do, but to what end? But hark you, Sir Ralph, I was about to say something—it makes no matter. But hark you in your ear; the Friar's a knave; but God forgive me, a man cannot tell neither; 's foot, I am so out of patience, I know not what to say.

Jer. There 's one went for the Friar an hour ago. Comes he not yet? 'S foot, if I do find knavery under 's cowl, I'll tickle him, I'll firk him. Here, here, he's here, he's here. Good morrow, Friar; good morrow, gentle Friar.

Enter Friar Hildersham.

Clare. Good morrow, Father Hildersham, good morrow.

Hil. Good morrow, reverend knights unto you both.

Clare. Father, how now? you hear how matters go;
I am undone, my child is cast away.

You did your best—at least, I think the best—
But we are all crossed; flatly, all is dashed.

Hil. Alas, good knights, how might the matter be?
Let me understand your grief, for charity.

Clare. Who does not understand my griefs? Alas, alas!
And yet ye do not! Will the Church permit
A nun in approbation of her habit
To be ravished?

Hil. A holy woman, benedicite!
Now God forfend that any should presume
To touch the sister of a holy house.

Clare. Jesus deliver me!

Jer. Why, Millicent the daughter of this knight,
Is out of Cheston taken the last night.

Hil. Was that fair maiden late become a nun?

Jer. Was she, quotha? Knavery, knavery, knavery; I smell it, I smell it, i'faith. Is the wind in that door?, is it even so? Dost thou ask me that now?

Hil It is the first time I e'er heard of it.

Clare. That's very strange.

Jer. Why, tell me, Friar, tell me; thou art counted a holy man; do not play the hypocrite with me, nor bear with me. I cannot dissemble. Did I aught but by thy own consent, by thy allowance, nay, further, by thy warrant?

Hil Why, reverend knight—

Jer. Unreverend Friar—

Hil. Nay, then give me leave, sir, to depart in quiet; I had hoped you had sent for me to some other end.

Clare. Nay, stay, good Friar; if anything hath happ'd
About this matter in thy love to us,
That thy strict order cannot justify,
Admit it be so, we will cover it.
Take no care, man:
Disclaim not yet thy counsel and advice,
The wisest man that is, may be o'erreached.

Hil. Sir Arthur, by my order and my faith,
I know not what you mean.

Jer. By your order and your faith?
This is most strange of all. Why, tell me, Friar,
Are not you confessor to my son Frank?

Hil. Yes, that I am.

Jer. And did not this good knight here and myself
Confess with you, being his ghostly father,
To deal with him about th' unbanded marriage
Betwixt him and that fair young Millicent?

Hil. I never heard of any match intended.

Clare. Did not we break our minds that very time,
That our device of making her a nun
Was but a colour and a very plot
To put by young Mounchensey? Is't not true?

Hil. The more I strive to know what you should mean,
The less I understand you.

Jer. Did you not tell us still how Peter Fabell
At length would cross us, if we took not heed?
Hil. I have heard of one that is a great magician,
But he 's about the university.
Jer. Did not you send your novice Benedick
To persuade the girl to leave Mounchensey's love,
To cross that Peter Fabell in his art,
And to that purpose made him visitor?
Hil. I never sent my novice from the house,
Nor have we made our visitation yet.
Clare. Never sent him? Nay, did he not go?
And did not I direct him to the house,
And confer with him by the way? and did he not
Tell me what charges he had received from you,
Word by word, as I requested at your hands?
Hil. That you shall know; he came along with me,
And stays without. Come hither, Benedick!

Enter Benedick.

Young Benedick, were you e'er sent by me
To Cheston nunnery for a visitor?
Ben. Never, sir, truly.
Jer. Stranger than all the rest!
Clare. Did not I direct you to the house? Confer with you
From Waltham Abbey unto Cheston wall?
Ben. I never saw you, sir, before this hour.
Jer. The devil thou didst not! Ho, chamberlain!

Enter Chamberlain

Cham. Anon, anon.

Jer. Call mine host Blague hither!

Cham. I will send one over to see if he be up; I think he be scarce stirring yet.

Jer. Why, knave, didst thou not tell me an hour ago mine host was up?

Cham. Ay, sir, my master's up.

Jer. You knave, is a up, and is a not up? Dost thou mock me?

Cham. Ay, sir, my master is up; but I think Master Blague indeed be not stirring.

Jer. Why, who 's thy master? Is not the master of the house thy master?

Cham. Yes, sir; but Master Blague dwells over the way.

Clare. Is not this the George? Before God, there's some villainy in this!

Cham. 'S foot, our sign's removed; this is strange! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The George Inn.*

Enter Blague, trussing his points.

Host. Chamberlain, speak up to the new lodgings, bid Nell look well to the baked meats.

Enter Sir Arthur Clare, and Sir Ralph Jerningham.

How now, my old jennets balk my house, my castle, lie in Waltham all night, and not under the canopy of your host Blague's house?

Clare. Mine host, mine host, we lay all night at the George at Waltham; but whether the George be your fee-simple or no, 'tis a doubtful question. Look upon your sign.

Host. Body of Saint George! this is mine overthwart neighbour, [he] hath done this to seduce my blind customers. I'll tickle his catastrophe for this; if I do not indict him at the next assizes for burglary, let me die of the yellows; for I see 'tis no boot in these days to serve the good Duke of Norfolk. The villainous world is turned manger; one jade deceives another, and your ostler plays his part commonly for the fourth share. Have we comedies in hand, you whoreson, villainous male London lecher?

Clare. Mine host, we have had the moiling'st night of it that ever we had in our lives.

Host. Is 't certain?

Jer. We have been in the forest all night almost.

Host. 'S foot, how did I miss you? Heart, I was stealing a buck there.

Clare. A plague on you; we were stayed for you.

Host. Were you, my noble Romans? Why you shall share; the venison is a-footing. *Sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus;* that is, there is a good breakfast provided for a marriage that 's in my house this morning.

Cham. A marriage, mine host?

Host. A conjunction copulative; a gallant match between your daughter and Master Raymond Moun-

chensey, young Juventus.

Clare. How?

Host. 'Tis firm, 'tis done. We 'll show you a precedent i' the civil law for 't.

Jer. How? Married? 39

Host. Leave tricks and admiration. There 's a cleanly pair of sheets in the bed in the Orchard chamber, and they shall lie there. What? I'll do it; I serve the good Duke of Norfolk.

Clare. Thou shalt repent this, Blague.

Jer. If any law in England will make thee smart for this, expect it with all severity. 46

Host I renounce your defiance; if you parle so roughly, I'll barracado my gates against you. Stand fair, bully; Priest, come off from the rearward! What can you say now? 'T was done in my house; I have shelter i' th' court for 't. D' ye see yon bay window? I serve the good Duke of Norfolk, and 'tis his lodging. Storm, I care not, serving the good Duke of Norfolk; thou art an actor in this, and thou shalt carry fire in thy face eternally. 55

Enter Smug, Raymond, Harry Clare, Millicent, and [*Sir John*].

Smug. Fire, 'sblood, there's no fire in England like your Trinidado sack. Is any man here humorous? We stole the venison, and we 'll justify it: say you now!

Host In good sooth, Smug, there 's more sack

on the fire, Smug.

Smug. I do not take any exceptions against your sack; but if you'll lend me a pikestaff, I'll cudgel them all hence, by this hand.

Host. I say thou shalt into the cellar.

Smug. 'S foot, mine host, shall's not grapple? Pray, pray you; I could fight now for all the world like a cockatrice's egg. Shall's not serve the Duke of Norfolk? [*Exit.*

Host. In skipper, in!

Clare. Sirrah, hath young Mounchensey married your sister?

Harry. 'Tis certain, sir; here's the priest that coupled them, the parties joined, and the honest witness that cried Amen.

Ray. Sir Arthur Clare, my new-created father, I beseech you, hear me.

Clare. Sir, sir, you are a foolish boy; you have done that you cannot answer; I dare be bold to seize her from you; for she's a professed nun.

Mil. With pardon, sir, that name is quite undone;
This true love knot cancels both maid and nun.
When first you told me I should act that part,
How cold and bloody it crept o'er my heart!
To Cheston with a smiling brow I went;
But yet, dear sir, it was to this intent,
That my sweet Raymond might find better means
To steal me thence. In brief, disguised he came,
Like novice to old Father Hildersham;

His tutor here did act that cunning part,
And in our love hath joined much wit to art.

Clare. Is 't even so?

Mil. With pardon, therefore, we entreat your smiles;
Love thwarted, turns itself to thousand wiles.

Clare. Young Master Jerningham, were you an actor
In your own love's abuse?

Frank. My thoughts, good sir,
Did labour seriously unto this end,
To wrong myself, ere I 'd abuse my friend.

Host. He speaks like a bachelor of music, all in numbers. Knights, if I had known you would have let this covey of partridges sit thus long upon their knees under my sign-post, I would have spread my door with old coverlids.

Clare. Well, sir, for this your sign was removed, was it?

Host. Faith, we followed the directions of the devil, Master Peter Fabell; and Smug, Lord bless us! could never stand upright since.

Clare. You, sir, 't was you was his minister that married them?

Sir John. Sir, to prove myself an honest man, being that I was last night in the forest stealing venison—now, sir, to have you stand my friend, if that matter should be called in question, I married your daaghter to this worthy gentleman.

Clare. I may chance to requite you, and make your neck crack for it.

Sir John. If you do, I am as resolute as my neighbour vicar of Waltham Abbey; ahem, grass and hay! we are all mortal; let 's live till we be hanged, mine host, and be merry; and there 's an end.

Enter Fabell, [*Bilbo and Smug*].

Fab. Now, knights, I enter; now my part begins.
To end this difference, know, at first I knew
What you intended, ere your love took flight
From old Mouncheneey; you, Sir Arthur Clare,
Were minded to have married this sweet beauty
To young Frank Jerningham; to cross which match,
I used some pretty sleights; but I protest
Such as but sat upon the skirts of art;
No conjurations, nor such weighty spells
As tie the soul to their perfomancy.
These for his love, who once was my dear pupil,
Have I effected. Now, methinks 'tis strange
That you, being old in wisdom, should thus knit
Your forehead on this match, since reason fails;
No law can curb the lover's rash attempt;
Years in resisting this, are sadly spent.
Smile, then, upon your daughter and kind son,
And let our toil to future ages prove,
The Devil of Edmonton did good in love.

Clare. Well, 'tis in vain to cross the providence:
Dear son, I take thee up into my heart;

Rise, daughter; this is a kind father's part.

Host. Why, Sir John, send for Spindle's noise, presently. Ha, ere 't be night, I'll serve the good Duke of Norfolk.

Sir John. Grass and hay, mine host, let's live till we die, and be merry, and there 's an end.

Clare. What, is breakfast ready, mine host?

Host. 'Tis, my little Hebrew.

Clare. Sirrah, ride straight to Cheston nunnery,
Fetch thence my lady; the house, I know,
By this time misses their young votary.
Come, knights, let 's in.

Bil. I will go to horse presently, sir.—A plague a my lady; I shall miss a good breakfast. [*Aside.*] Smug, how chance you cut so plaguily behind, Smug?

Smug. Stand away, I'll founder you else.

Bil. Farewell, Smug, thou art in another element.

Smug. I will be by and by; I will be Saint George again.

Clare. Take heed the fellow do not hurt himself.

Jer. Did we not last night find two Saint Georges here?

Fab. Yes, knights, this martialist was one of them.

Clare. Then thus conclude your night of merriment.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

NOTES.

For Shakespeare quotations and line numbering, the "Leopold Shakespeare" has been used.

PROLOGUE.

l. 5. *We ring this round; i.e.* we encircle this theatre. Although *The Merry Devil* was acted at the Globe theatre, *round* does not apply exclusively to that playhouse. Plays acted at other theatres use and apply the expression to the houses where they were produced; *e.g. A Warning for Fair Women*, Induction, l. 98, presented at the Theatre, *c.* 1589-90:—'Many in this *round*'; 2 *Antonio and Mellida*, prologue, l. 13, acted by the Paul's boys, probably in their own singing school, *c.* 1600:—'If any spirit breathes within this *round*;' and other old plays. In the prologue to *King Henry V.* the interior of the Globe theatre is referred to as 'this wooden O'.

9. *Peter Fabell.* Weaver in his *Funeral Monuments*, 1631, says:—'Here (*i.e.* at Edmonton) lieth interred under a seemlie Tombe without Inscription, the Body of Peter Fabell (as the report goes) vpon whom this fable was fathered, that he by his wittie deuises beguiled the devil: belike he was some ingenious conceited gentleman, who did use some sleighte trickes for his own disportes. He lived and died in the reigne of Henry the Seuenth, saith the booke of his merry pranks.' He is also mentioned by Fuller in his *Worthies*:—'I shall probably offend the grauity of

some to insert, and certainly the curiosity of others to omit him. Some make him a friar, others a lay gentleman, all a conceited [*i.e.* a worthy, ingenious] person, who, with his merry deuises deceived the deuil, who by grace may be resisted, not deceived by wit. If a graue bishop in his aermon, speaking of Brute's coming into this land, said it was but a *bruit*, I hope I may say, without offence, that this Fabel was but a *fable*, supposed to live in the reigne of King Henry the Sixth.' Norden, *Speculum Britanniæ*, Middlesex, p. 18, says:—'There is a fable of one Peter Fabell that lieth in the same church also, who is saide to have beguiled the Deuil by pollicie for Money.

10-11. *Whose fame, etc.* The author of this drama was quite right in lamenting the neglect of his hero, for there seems to be a paucity of literature extant dealing with the career of the merry, good-natured devil. Some critics have hastily asserted that the author of *The Merry Devil* made use of the prose tract on this subject by T[homas] B[rewer]. Here is a flat contradiction. Brewer's work was entered at Stationers' Hall April 5, 1608, six months after the play, which must have been written several years before Thomas Brewer's coarse production.

24. *Sable-visaged.* Q 3, *visage*.

27. *Toiled*, *i.e.* wearied, harassed. So in *Arden of Feversham*, iv. 5, 56,—

'Zounds, I was never so *toiled* in all my life.'

32. *Composition*, compact, agreement. So in *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 6, 59,—

'I crave, our *composition* may be written,
And sealed between us.'

Also *Arden of Feversham*, ii. 1, 29,—

'At last we grew
To *composition* for my husband's death.'

36. *Guarded with these sable sleights*; *i.e.* protected by

devices of the black art. For *these* Q. 5, 6 read *his*.

INDUCTION.

Tyrrell marks this—Act 1. Scene 1.—*Fabell's Chamber, supplied with books and Necromantic Instruments.* Some such stage direction seems wanted.

S. D. *oft.* Q. 3, *often.*

3-4. *My stiffened hair stands upright on my head,*
As do the bristles of a porcupine.

Cf. *Hamlet*, i. 5, 19-20,—

'And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.' *Hazlitt.*

5. *Or;* Hazlitt reads *for.*

16. *This the hour.* This contraction is common in Shakespeare and Elizabethan authors.

32. *The date of thy command.* The time for which Fabell had contracted for the services of the devil.

36. *Reserve me.* This peculiar construction is Shakespearean; it is also Biblical phraseology; cf. *Jeremiah*, 50, 20,—'I will pardon them whom I *reserve*,'

39. *Despatch.* Q 2, 4-6, *I'll* despatch.

42. *Great.* Dodsley reads *dear;* a reading adopted by Tyrrell and Hazlitt.

42-3. A similar thought occurs in *Sir John Oldcastle*, ii. 3, 19-21,—

'We would be loth to press our subjects' bodies,
Much less their souls, that dear redeemed part
Of him that is the ruler of us all.'

45. *Mean;* Q. 6 reads *near*, which Mr. P. A. Daniel is in favour of adopting. See Brooke's note, *Shakespeare Apocrypha*, p. 430, col. 1.

58. *Find;* Q. 3, *know.*

62. *What ails your hollowness?* Is this the right word, or is it intended as a mock perversion of *holiness?*

68. *Dread:* Q. 4, *great.*

79-80. *No time on earth, like* Phæthonic flames,
Can have perpetual being.

This passage is rather obscure, and I have departed from the reading of the quartos. Q. 1-3 read *Phaetentique;* Q. 4-6, *Phaetontique.* I adopt *Phæthonic flames,* and suppose the allusion is to *Phæthon* the sun-god, who is occasionally called so by Homer. I take the meaning of the passage to be—Time on earth has a limit, and is, therefore, unlike the flames of the sun which are everlasting. Hazlitt and Walker read *Phaetonic.* Brooke, quoting Mr. P. A. Daniel, says the late Dr. R. B. Nicholson conjectured *Phlegethonic.* As it is the line is metrically defective; Dr. Nicholson's emendation would restore it to its proper quantity.

84. *Betwixt:* Q. 6, *between:* a reading adopted by Tyrrell.

ACT I. SCENE 1.

S. D. *Safeguards.* A kind of outer petticoat formerly worn by ladies when riding horseback; they were used to preserve the under garments from being soiled by mud, hence their name. There is a similar stage direction in Heywood's 2 *Edward IV.*, ii. 4:—*Enter* JANE SHORE, *in haste, in her riding-cloak and* safe-guard, *etc.*

This is Tyrrell's Scene 2.

2. *My freehold my tenements, goods and chattels.*
Shakespeare does not use the word *freehold,* but cf. *Henry VIII.* iii. 2, 342 *seq.*,—

'All your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels,' etc.

3. *Is:* Q. 2, 4-6, *in.*

6. *Welcome, my little* waste *of maidenheads.*

It is difficult to decide to whom this is addressed. If to Harry Clare, *waste* must be construed as waster, destroyer. If to Millicent, it must bear a totally different meaning. It

ia very probable a play on *waste* and *waist* was intended; such a play on words occurs in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, i. 3, Q. 1602:—'Indeed, I am two yards in the *wast*, but now I am about no *wast*.' *Wast* was the usual way of spelling the word in either meaning, and it is so spelled in *The Merry Devil*, 1608.

17. *Will*, command.

19. *Rushes*. Before the introduction of carpets the floor of rooms were strewed with rushes.

25. *Away, you stale mass of white broth*. This is genuine Falstaffian humour.

31. *Saith;* Q. 3-6, *faith*.

32. *Top and top-gallant;* under full sail; the host is nautical in many of his expressions.

38. *Canvasadoes*. I do not understand the meaning or application of this word; it is probably used by the Host—who delights in high sounding words—as a mere fanciful expression. Walker glossea the word:—Another form of canvas, examination. *Canvasado* is used by another coiner of quaint phrases—Strumbo, in *Locrine*, ii. 2;—'I'll give you *a canvasado* with a bastinado over your shoulders'; which Halliwell defines as 'Some stroke in fencing.'

ib. *Interrogatories*, questions that need answering.

44, *It tend my good*. Q. 4-6 read, *it tend* to *my good;* a reading adoqted by Tyrrell; the insertion of the preposition however, spoils the metre of the line.

50. *These*, Q. 6, *this;* a reading followed by Walker.

58. *There are crosses, wife*. Clare is here playing on the double meaning of the word, *i.e.* vexation, and the sacred emblem.

60. *Cheston*, Cheshunt in Hertfordshire.

63. *Spirits;* Q. 3, *sprites*.

70. *Cane-tobacco*. Tobacco made up in a peculiar form, highly esteemed, and dear.—NARES. Shakespeare does not

use the word tobacco in his plays.

71-2. *His hawks devour his fattest dogs, whilst, simple,*
His leanest curs eat his hounds' carrion.

This passage is considered hopelessly corrupt, and is regarded as the great crux in the play. Several attempts have been made at emendation, but they are upon the whole unsatisfactory. Hazlitt reads:—

'His hawks devour his fattest *hogs*, whilst Simple,
His leanest *cur*, *eats* his hounds' carrion.'

Brooke adheres to the reading of the early quartos:—

'His hawks devour his fattest dogs, whilst simple,
His leanest curs eat *him* hounds carrion.'

His in l. 72 is the reading of Q. 4 and the later quartos. It seems to me an unnecessary difficulty has been made of the passage. Clare is pointing out in a disparaging way the extravagance of the old knight; he then emphasises the utter folly of the spendthrift, by speaking in a highly figurative manner, in allowing his kennel to be extravagantly and improperly fed, and concludes by remarking on the foolish policy of allowing his leanest curs to eat hounds' carrion. *Whilst*, *simple*, I take to mean—*whilst*, *foolishly*.

74. *A*, Dodsley's correction; 4tos. *or*.

ib. *Sore*, sorely, grievously. This is the reading of Q. 6, which is preferable, I think, to the '*sure* sucked' of the other quartos.

78. *You 'll see a flight, wife, shortly of his land.*

His land will shortly be taken from him to liquidate his debts.

83. *Under this* colour. *Colour* is disguise, pretence. Cf. *Sir John Oldcastle*, i. 2, 26; also *Lord Cromwell*, iv. 2, 73,—

'You had no *colour* for what you have done.'

ACT I. SCENE 2.

1. *Knaves and commanders.* Here Walker thinks 'there

seeme to be a burlesque reference to the Knights Commanders of a militsry order.'

2. *Knights and competitors.* The meaniug is—Take the horsee of the knights and their *partners* or *confederates.* Cf. *Love's Labours Lost*, ii. 1, 82,—

'And he and his *competitors* in oath.'

3. *Harborough.* Harbour, lodging; the word is applied to lodging in an inn. It is usually spelt *harbour*, and ie so given by Walker. Cf. *Arden of Feversham*, v. 2, 90,—

'And if she will not give me *harborough.*'

12. *My nimble* Giberalters. The explanation given of this puzzling word is not quite satisfactory. Walker suggests it may be a 'coinage from jibbing horsee'; and the N. E. D., (Gibralter) defines it 'a Gibralter monkey', and cites the following paesage from Gabriel Harvey's *Pierce Penniless Supererogation*, (1593),—'Cumane Asse and foole, and dolt, and idiot, and *Gibralter.*'

16. *Tityre, tu patulae, &c.* The first line of Eclogue I. of Virgil's *Bucolics*:—'You, Tityrus, lying all along under the covert of that full-spread beech,' etc.—Davison's *Trans.* This seems too learned for the Host, and in Q. 4-6 it is given to Bilbo, but wrongly, I think. Well might Bilbo say to the Host, l. 29,—'You have fine scholar-like terms.' Something similar occurs in 2 *Henry VI.* iv. 7, 125, (and in *The Contention* and *True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*, iv. 7, 69) where Cade speaks in a strain which Malone thought too learned for him. Throughout the play, however, Blague is equal and true to his name. I do not know whether it has ever been pointed out that a Mistress Blague is one of the characters in Heywood's *Edward IV.*; she also figures in the ballad of *Jane Shore.*

17. *Bilbo.* This character apparently takes his name from the swords made at Bilboa in Spain, and he plays on

the word The temper of these swords was of superior fineness. It would be interesting to know whether *blade* of l. 18 is an early use of a Yorkshire slang phrase meaning a 'fly' or smart person. It is rather singular that Shakespeare uses the word *bilbo* only in *The Merry Wives.*

21. *Discontinuence, releases or attournment.* The Host's use of legal phraseology is very significant, and seems to show a point of contact with Shakespeare, whose plays abound in legal terms. Here Blague uses them for their high-sounding quality rather than in their strict meaning, with the exception of *discontinuence*, which in this instance means—break, delay.

22. *Sea.card; i.e.* chart.

26. *St. Quentin's.* This has been regarded as a date limit for the play, but it is much too early. The town of Saint Quentin's was stormed by the Spaniards under Philip II. in 1557; an English force commanded by the Earl of Pembroke was present.

ib. *Charles' wain.* Here the Host is drawing on his astronomical learning, and compares the constellation of the Great Bear to the sparkling wine he has in his cellar; he carries the joke a little further, and puns upon the Crab by likening the sparkle of his wine to the phosphorescent light emitted by a crab-fish. A spirit kindred to the Host's, Hodge in *Lord Cromwell*, plays upon Charles' wain; cf. i. 1, 23-5.—'Oh, he knows the stars. He 'll tickle you *Charles' wain* in nine degrees.' Shakespeare uses the expression once; in 1 *Henry IV.* ii. 1. 2, *q.v.*

27. *T'will; Q.* 2, 4-6, *I will.*

Cooper's Dictionary. Thesaurus Linguæ Romanæ et Britannicæ, editions of which were printed in 1565, 1573, and 1584. Walker thinks there is an obvious play on the word *Cooper*, which is probable,

41. *Affected.* Disposed, beloved. So in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ii. 1, 83,—

'I stand *affected* to her.'

47. *Sad;* Q. 3, *so sad.*

48. *Passion*, sorrow, emotion.

58. *Art.* I presume Fabell means his *magic* art.

Query, whether this scene be not alluded to in *Lady Alimony*, iv. 2, 1659.

ACT I. SCENE 3.

4. *By;* Hazlitt reads *my*, and is followed by Walker. There is no need to depart from the reading of the quartos; the sense is—After all the promises by Clare, he should refuse to give his daughter, etc. A few lines back it appears Fabell did not know Clare, and it is hardly likely he would use the pronoun in speaking of him. Walker explains his reading by supposing it was spoken in 'contemptuous familiarity'.

7. *Dowage, . . . jointure.* More legal terms. The two words have the same meaning; the first means dower, and *jointure* is estate settled on a wife at marriage to be enjoyed after her husband's decease.

10. *To* strike *a match; i.e.* conclude. The expression is still in use; *strike* a bargain.

21. *Enfield.* 4tos., *Envill.*

S. D. *and Young Clare*, added in Q. 6.

38. Speech prefix added in Q. 4.

38-46. The sense of these lines is rather obscure, and the syntax a little involved. For an explanation, see Walker, p. 73; Brooke *(Shakespeare Apocrypha)* p. 430. Line 39 would read better thus:—

'Had spoke *those words, they* would have come as cold.

40. *Winds;* Q. 3, *wind.*

52. *Shot at hoodman-blind; i.e.* shot blindfolded. *Hoodman-blind* is blind-man's-buff. Cf. *Hamlet*, iii. 4; *The Wise Woman of Hogsdon*, iii. 2. In *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, iv. 3. it is called *Hob-man-blind*:—

'Of *Hob-man-blind*, all blind, all seek to catch.'

56. *But*; query, *not*. I take it that Harry Clare would have Raymond love his sister in a manly, rather than in a puling sentimental fashion.

59. *Hugger-mugger*. Secretly, by stealth. So in *Hamlet*, iv. 5, 83; and *The Revenger's Tragedy*, v. 1:—'How quaintly he died, like a politician, in *hugger-mugger*, made no man acquainted with it.'

65. *Do I bend in the hams?* Hamlet, among other signs of age, takes notice of 'most weak hams'; cf. *Hamlet*, ii. 2, 201. Also *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, sc. iii. 68:—'To crouch and stand like an old man i' the hams,' *i.e.* like a man old in the hams; and *Pericles*, iv. 3, 107:—'the French knight that cowers i' the hams.'

66. *Towards marriage*, in preparation for marriage.

75. *Busy bags*. So the quartos; Dodsley altered, not very happily, to *pursy bags*. *Busy* can hardly be the right word; *heavy*, would make much better sense: meaning they would open their well-filled money-bags in furtherance of the projected marriage.

77. *Colour*. See note to i. 1, 83. The word is used in the same sense in v. i, 87.

84. *Slubber*, to spoil, to obscure. Shakespeare has the word in *The Merchant of Venice*, ii. 8, 39; *Othello*, i. 3, 228; Kyd, in *Jeronimo*, ii. 4, 67; Heywood, *2 Edward IV.*, i. 6.

87-8. *Where e'er did we meet thee and wanton springs,*
That like a wag thou hast not laughed at me.

I must confess I do not understand, and can make little meaning of l. 87; it is apparently corrupt The later 4tos.

make better sense by reading:—

'Where e'er didst meet me, that we two were jovial.'

Whether this reading was obtained from some MS., or whether it was the spontaneous emendation of the persons who saw Q. 4-6 through the press, is more than I can say. Brooke queries *in*, in place of *and*. Does *wanton springs*—which creates the difficulty in the line—mean the excesses of youth? If so, the passage may be construed thus: Where e'er did we meet thee in our youthful excesses, but that like a wag thou hast not laughed at me, and with regardless jesting, etc. Tyrrell follows the later quartos.

93. *Sprung;* Q. 1, 3, *spring.*

94. *List;* Q. 1, 3, *rest.*

100. *Overgive;* Q. 2, 4-6, *leave;* which Tyrrell adopts. I think *overgive* is preferable; the construction is—Before I would forsake or *give up* the love, etc.

108. Nor *time nor death* Q. 1, *Their* (There). Warnke and Proescholdt read *Neither*, which Walker follows, but that spoils the metre of the line.

113. This line is omitted in Q. 1. The editor of Q. 2, therefore, must have had access to the author's MS. or to a playhouse transcript.

116-17. 'What return will you freely render for the honour in which Mounchensey holds you?' The phrase 'upon the measure of thy grace' indicates that the return is one which cannot be exacted as a right; it must be left to the grace of Clare, and will be measured by that grace.—*Walker.*

128. *Horses.* Q. 4-6, *horse is;* evidently an error occasioned by mishearing: it is followed in some modern editions of the play.

140. *Cuts.* Common labouring horses.

141. *Dossers:* panniers. Q. 4-6 read, *lay their* dossers.

146. *Yet.* Q. 2, 4-6, *and.*

ACT II. SCENE 1.

1. *Take me with you: i.e.* let me understand you. So in 1 *Henry IV.* ii. 4, 471:—'I would, your grace would *take me with you.*'

5. *Your ale is a Philistine fox.* The allusion is to the story of Samson catching 300 foxes and tying firebrands to their tails. See *Judges*, xv. 4:—'And Samson went and caught three hundred foxes, and took firebrands, and turned tail to tail, and put a firebrand in the midst between two tails.'

8. *It tickles our catastrophe; i.e.* it tickles our tail. Cf. 2 *Henry IV.* ii. 1, 62:—'I'll tickle your catastrophe. See *post*, v. 2, 12.

24. *And hug;* Q. 1, 3 read, *in hug. Hug* was a hunting term, and meant to run close side by side.

40. *Taking;* condition, agitation, distress of mind. So in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, iii. 3, 172:—'What a *taking* was he in.'

44-5. *There 's not* ne'er *a bridge, etc.* The quartos read, —*there s not a* narrow *bridge.* The emendation is Mr. P. A. Daniel's, and makes much better sense of the passage. Brooke adheres to the old copies, and thinks there is 'no special need for change, as the quarto reading makes perfect sense.'

46. *Will;* Q. 4-6, *mah.*

48. *Of the George;* Q. 1, 3, *at the George.*

49. *Consort*, a company, a band.

54. *Ha, my Castilian dialogues; i.e.* Castilian talkers. *Dialogues* here is a verb. A Castilian was generally credited with being an exquisite talker. In *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, ii. 3, 33, the Host calls Dr Caius a Castilian:—

'Thou art a *Castilian*, King Urinal; Hector of Greece.'

56-7. *Thou hast been reading Geneva print.* A play is intended here on Geneva—gin or hollands—and the small

type used in printing the Geneva version of the Bible. Smug's eyes must be supposed to be inflamed by drinking, hence the equivoque. Cf. Chapman's *Monsieur D'Olive*, ii. 2:

'But purblind he was
With the *Geneva print.*'

Also Massinger's *Duke of Milan*, i. 1, 9-12:—

'If you meet
An officer preaching of sobriety,
Unless he read it in *Geneva print*,
Lay him by the heels.'

60. *Hungarians.* A playful allusion by the Host to his *hungry* guests—hungry ones. Dyce says:—'Hungarian is a cant term of doubtful origin; perhaps from *hungry*, perhaps from the freebooters from Hungary, or perhaps it is equivalent to gipsy, for the parts of Europe in which it is supposed that the gipsies originally appeared were Hungary and Bohemia.' The first meaning of the word seems to be supported by the following quotation from Dekker's *News from Hell, brought by the Devil's Carrier*, 1606:—'the lean jawed *Hungarian* would not lay out a penny pot of sack for himself.' The second definition by the following:—

'Play, you lousy *Hungarians*: see, look, the maypole is set up, we'll dance about it.'—*Westward Ho*, v. 3. Again, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, i. 3, 19,—'Oh, base *Hungarian* wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?' In the first sketch of the play, 1602, it is given thus:—'O base *Gongarian* wight.' etc.; probably an error through mishearing.

62. *Is't correspondent;* is it agreeable. Cf. i. I, 11.

65. *He shall have ransom*, by the Lord. Here is proof, I think, that the play was written at least a few years before the passing of the statute against oaths, 3 Jac. 1. c. 21, although it was printed after that date. In the later quartos, 4-6, the oath is expunged, and *by my sword* substituted;

that reading is adopted by Tyrrell.

66. *Bosonians*, needy fellows, beggars: it was also applied to a raw or needy soldier; from the Italian *bisogno*, need, want. Cf. *Pierce Penniless*, p. 58, ed. Collier:—'And be trod underfoot by every inferior *Besonian*.' Also *Maid of Honour*, iv. 1:— 'but would,

For half a mouldy biscuit, sell herself
To a poor *bisognion*, and without shrieking.'

And 2 *Henry IV.* v. 3, 116; 2 *Henry VI.* iv. 1, 134.

68. *My little Gogmagogs.* Gog and Magog were two fabulous giants, mentioned in early British history, something under eighteen feet in height. The Host is indulging in his ironical humour by calling them *little*. Probably the statues outside the London Guildhall, which were there in the reign of Henry V., suggested their use to mine Host, rather than the Biblical allusion. The legend is referred to in *Locrine*, i. 1:—

'And quelled the giants come of Albion's race,
With Gogmagog, son to Samotheus.'

75. *The citizen of good fellows.* Walker explains,—'He is an illiterate boor, yet he is fellow-citizen with more polished men;' Brooke thinks he may mean *paragon*. Either will serve; the reader may choose according to taste.

76. *Provide;—ahem.* The quartos read,—*provide a hen;* the correction is due to Dodsley.

ACT II. SCENE 2.

2. *What? hast thou fed me all this while with* shalls? Hazlitt thinks there is a quibble here on *shall*, and *shale*, or *shell*, and quotes Churchyard's *Challenge*, 1593:—

'Thus all with *shall* or *shalles* ye *shal* be fed.'

5. *Land.* Q. 1-3, *love.*

6. *Brangled;* embarrassed, complicated.

11. *Hold thy* chat, *i.e.* chatter. So in *Love's Labours*

Lost, iv. 3, 281:—'Then leave this *chat*.'

27. *His lustre.* When this play was written, *his* was used as the possessive both of the neuter and masculine pronoun.

28. *Were owner.* Q. 3, *the owner*.

35. *Neither* shouldst *thou.* So the 4tos.; Hazlitt conjectured *shall'st;* Walker reads *shalt.* I take the meaning to be—Clare *should not*, in this case, bestow his daughter where he chooses.

38. *By God's blessed angel.* Q. 4-6, *by* a *blessed angel.* See note, *ante*, ii. 1, 65.

45. *Have.* Q. 5-6, *hath;* adopted by Tyrrell.

50. *Hoped.* Q. 1-3, *hope.*

53. *Skeins.* Irish daggers, usually of bronze, double-edged, and more or less leaf shaped; Gaelic *sgian*, a knife.

56. *Than for their froward parents' soars.*

This is the reading of Q. 1, 3; Q. 2, 4-6, *forward;* instead of *soars*, Q. 4-6 has *frowardness.* The line is metrically short by a foot and, I think, corrupt; nor have the attempts at emendation cleared away the difficulties. One has to guess at the meaning; and here I must leave the reader to be his own emendator.

63-4. *Oh, thou base world, how leprous is that soul*
That is once limed in that polluted mud.

A similar thought occurs in *A Warning for Fair Women*, iv. 5, 69-71:—

'Vile world, how like a monster come I soiled from thee!
How have I wallowed in thy loathsome filth.
Drunk and besmeared with all thy beastial sin.'

68. *What.* Q. 4-6, *that.*

76. *Huswife*, hussy, minx.

78. *To-night.* Q. 3, *this night.*

81. *Fadge*, proceed.

85. *When*; quartos, *where:* Hazlitt's reading. I am not

sure but that the quartos are right; the meaning being—And unto Cheston, where he will send her.

89-94. *And with the lady prioress of the house*
To play at leap-frog, naked in their smocks;
And tickling these mad lasses in their flanks,
Shall sprawl, and squeak, and pinch their fellow nuns
Until the merry wenches at their mass
Cry teehee weehee.

The quartos read:—

'And make the lady prioress of the house 89
To play at leap-frog naked in their smocks, 90
Until the merry wenches at their mass 91
Cry teehee weehee; 92
And tickling these mad lasses in their flanks, 93
Shall sprawl, and squeak, and pinch their fellow nuns.' 94

It is quite evident that the text of the old copies is muddled and corrupt. In the revised text I have adopted Mr. P. A. Daniel's suggestion of transposing ll. 93, 94, to a place between 90, 91. This simple operation restores order to, and makes excellent sense of the passage; (see Brooke's note, *Shakespeare Apocrypha*, p. 431. For *make* in l. 89, Mr. Daniel suggests *with*; for *Shall*, l. 94, he would read, *They'll*.

ACT II. SCENE 3.

3. *Composure*, *i.e.* combination; referring to Sir Arthur Clare and Sir Ralph Jerningham. Cf. *Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 3, 234,—'Thank the heaven, lord, thou art of sweet *composure*.' Also *Antony and Cleopatra*, i. 4, 22,—

'As his *composure* must be rare indeed.'

16. *Parting.* Q. 1-3, *panting.*

17. *Yond.* Q. 3, *yonder.* The line is metrically defective.

23-6. This is rather an intricate passage, but I do not think it is corrupt. See the notes and explanation of Walker

and Brooke. Here again the play is under obligation to Mr. Daniel for pertinent suggestion. In l. 24, for *all-advised* Hazlitt reads *ill-advised.* The reading of the quartos is preferable; *all-advised* is used in the sense of premeditated. The 4tos. in l. 26 read *do:* Hazlitt and Walker, *to;* Mr. Daniel suggests *doth.*

27. *By stealth;* Q. 1-5, *by steal.*

ib. *Sweet friend;* Q. 6, *sweet friends;* but Raymond is addressing Millicent.

46. *Sir Arthur;* Qq. *Sir Richard.* Tyrrell's correction.

58. *Full well;* Q. 4-6, *farewell.*

ACT III. SCENE 1.

11. *Sing.* Q. 1, *riug;* Q. 2, *ring.* The mistake in Q. 1—n upside down—illustrates a similar blunder in v. 2, 3, which puzzled and baffled editors and readers for years. For a string of similar mistakes, where the same letter reversed has totally altered the signification of the word in which it occurs, see Malone's note to *The Merry Wives of Windsor,* Shakespeare *Supplement,* 1. p. 93.

15. *Handsomely,* conveniently dexterously. So in *The Atheist's Tragedy,* ii. 5:—'This falls out *handsomely.*' Cf. also, *Titus Andronicus,* ii. 4, 77; *Arden of Feversham,* ii. 3.

33. *Busk.* Probably the piece of wood or whalebone with which stays are kept in form. *Toys* are trifles, nick nacks, with which most women adorn their person.

40. *Sacring bell.* 'The little bell, which is rung to give notice of the Host approaching when it is carried in procession, as also in other offices of the Romish Church, is called the *sacring* or *consecrating* bell; from the French word *sacrer.*'—Theobald, quoted by Dyce. Cf. *Henry VIII.* iii. 2, 294-5:— 'I'll startle you

Worse than the *sacring bell.*'

It was also called *saunce* or *sansing bell,* a corruption of

saints' bell. So in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, ii. 1 :—

'It is perhaps the *sansing bell*,
That rings all into heaven or hell.'

41. *Toll.;* Qq. *tell* Corrected by Hazlitt.

59. *Bid your beads; i.e.* say your prayers. The quartos read *bind;* corrected by Warnke and Proescholdt.

69. *Jerningham;* so Q. 6, rightly; Q. 1-5, *Clare.*

72. *Her*, Q. 6; *they*, Q 1-5.

80. *Maimed;* Hazlitt, *sainted.*

83. *Devoured;* Q. 4-6, *devout.* Cf. *Pericles*, iv. 4, 75,—

'And Pericles, in sorrow all *devoured.*'

89. *Here 's no knavery.* Cf. *The Taming of the Shrew*, i. 2, 137,—'Here 'a no knavery.'

92. That *conscience;* Hazlitt, *thy* conscience.

97 *To thrust Mounchensey's nose* beside the cushion.

To put *beside the cushion* means to be passed by in contempt. The saying probably arose from *cushion*, 'a riotous kind of dance, formerly very common at weddings, generally accompanied with kissing.'—HALLIWELL. The person passed by without the salutation of a kiss, was said to be *thrust beside the cushion.* From the following passage in *The Old Law*, iv. 1, the word *cushion* would appear to have another meaning:—

'*Gnoth.* Away, away! some botcher has got it; 'tis but a *cushion*, I warrant thee: the old woman is *loth to depart;* she never sung the other tune in her life.

Court. We will not have our noses bored with a *cushion*, if it be so.'

115. *Jer.* Q. 1-5, *Sir Ar;* Q. 6, *Sir Ra.*

117. *Ay*, in this line is redundant and might be deleted.

ACT III. SCENE 2.

5. *Our serious speech hath stol'n upon the way.* A favourite thought with many authors. Cf. *Lucrece*, 791, *King Richard II.*, ii. 3, 6-12; *Sir John Oldcastle*, iii. 1, 76; *Arden of Feversham*, iv. 2, 92; and Dryden's *Hind and the Panther*, Part 1. 558-9.

11. *Son;* Q. 3, one.

15. *Mass*, so Q. 1-3; Q. 4, 5, *plot*; Q. 6, *piece*. Tyrrell reads *plot;* Hazlitt, *mesh*.

16. *My* dear *bosom; i.e.* inmost. Frequently used by Shakespeare in this sense. Cf. *post*, l. 90, 'Oh my *dear* life.'

20. *Now;* Q. 5, 6, *but*.

22. *Hath*. Warnke and Proescholdt read, *had*.

23. *Vent your spleens with tickling mirth*. Explained by Walker—'be so tickled with the humour of it as to give passage to your mirth.

50. *Called Millicent of Edmonton*. A woman on entering a nunnery was usually called by her Christian name, to which was added the name of the place whence she came.

28. *Pure*, so Q. 6; Q. 1-5, *poor*.

36. *Holy maidens!* [*Knocks*]. The 4tos. print this as a stage direction; corrected by Dodsley.

51. *Repose you there; i.e.* rest, remain. So in *King Lear*, iii. 2, 63,—

'*Repose* you there, while I to this hard house,' etc.

Also *Titus Andronicus*, i. 2, 88.

53. *Her* omitted by Q. 1, 2, 4-6.

59. *Drift*, intention, purpose; commonly used by Tudor and Stuart dramatists.

61. *Recourse*, access. So in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, ii. 1, 208,—'I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me *recourse* to him.' Also *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*,

iii. 1, 112,—'That no man hath *recourse* to her by night.'

64. *Or such:* so Q. 1, 2, 4-6; Q. 3, *or some.* Walker reads, *or* siniater purpose,

82. *Habit,* garb. The word was not confined to friars' habiliments, but was used in various cases; thus, in *Henry V.* iii. 6, 113, Mountjoy, a French Herald, says;—'You know me by my *habit.*'

84. [*Helped me to act the part of priestly novice.*] This line was added by Brooke; and, as he says, it is quite clear that something has dropped out here; Walker thinks probably two or three lines.

90. *I was* a-dreamed; *i.e.* I dreamed. For the etymological aspect of the subject, see Walker's note, and Skeat's note on a similar passage in Chaucer's *Pardoner's Prologue.*

ib. *To-night; i.e.* last night. A common form of expression with Tudor authors. Cf. the play of *Stucley,* l. 359,—

'I was a-dreamed *to-night.*'

Also *King Edward III.* i. 2, 126,—

'I dreamed *to-night* of treason, and I fear.'

Shakespeare has it several times, *e.g. The Merry Wives of Windsor,* iii. 3, 155; *Merchant of Venice,* ii. 5, 18; and 2 *Henry VI.* iii. 7, 31, *q.v.*

91. *My:* Q. 1, 3, 4, *mine;* the reading usually adopted.

133. *Unbagged,* unpregnant; possibly a term in husbandry: an animal with young is said to be *bagged.*

139. *Turn tippet.* To change behaviour or way of life; especially from the unmarried to the married state. The word is used by Ben Jonson. The 4tos. read *lippit, i.e.* wanton, which is quite contrary to the sense of the text. Collier made the change.

ib. *Can,* omitted by Q. 3.

159. *Own;* Q. 3. *your.*

160. *Scamble,* to scramble, to shift. So in *King John,* iv. 3, 146,—'To tug and *scamble,* and to part by the teeth.'

165. *Tall*, able, bold, sturdy.

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

1. *Hungarian pilchers.* A play on the word *Hungarian* —freebooter, filcher—is probally intended. A *pilch* was an outer garment, usually made of leather or fur. The Host, with his usual licence, calls his confederates *pilchers* because they probably wore a garment of that nature. Perhaps the author wrote *Hungarian pilferers;* the tautology would be quite in keeping with Blague's 'fine scholar-like terms.'

8. *My noble Holofernes.* Is Smug here alluding sarcastically to the Host's scholastic abilities? Holofernes is a schoolmaster and pedant in *Love's Labours Lost*, and was thought by Dr. Farmer and others to have been a caricature of John Florio, a teacher of Italian and lexicographer, contemporary with Shakespeare. The allusion in this play may be a stroke in the same direction.

10. *In the third heavens.* I presume Smug means that last night he was tipsy and in the third degree of bliss; the expression *in the seventh heaven* is still used as denoting the supreme state of felicity. Q. 4-6 read *heaven*, which is probably right.

13. *Banks.* Q. 1, 3, *Bil.*, but Bilbo is not on the scene.

18. *So, lad*, omitted in Q. 3.

22. *In;* Q. 3, *at.*

26. *The;* Q. 2, 4-6, *an.*

30. *Sever*, disperse, separate. See *post*, l. 122, where *severed* is used in the same sense.

ib. *Fear;* Q. 1, *eare;* a typographical error, the *f* having dropped out in setting up.

33. *As true as velvet.* This was probably a proverbial saying; but I cannot conceive why *true* should be especially applicable to velvet, unless it be that the nap or pile

being cut one uniform length, it presents a true and level appearance.

34. *&c.* This probably stood so in the author's MS., and meant that the actor was to complete Sir John's set speech.

39. *Potter's gate.* Now called Potter's Bar, a small village adjoining Barnet. By a typographical mistake, Q. 2-6 read *Poiters.*

43. *A*, he; commonly used by our old dramatists.

45. *At* their *ale.* I have adopted the reading of Q. 4-6; Q. 1-3 read—*at ale* to-night.

48. *The stone priest; i.e.* the uncastrated priest. Cf. *Sir John Oldcastle*, ii. 1,—

'*Harpool.* You whoreson *stoned vicar.*

Sir John. You stale ruffian, you lion of Cotswold.

Harpool. Zounds, vicar, I'll geld you!'

Also *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, i. 4, 109.

52. *Zounds*, so Q. 1-3; Q. 4-6, *nouns.*

59. *Shadow yourself: i.e* screen yourself. So in *King Lear*, v. 2, 1,—'Take the *shadow* of this tree.'

69. *Metropolitan.* A bishop of the mother church, an archbishop; humorously applied by the Host to Sir John.

78. *Bottom*, a dale, a valley, low ground. So in *As You Like It*, iv. 3, 78,—'Down in this neighbouring *bottom.*'

ib. *Zounds*, Q. 4-6, *nouns*

84-6. I have followed the quartos in printing these three lines as prose. Walker and Brooke make two lines of verse of them, of a rude, unscanable description; ll. 87-9, are also printed as prose in the old copies.

89. *Coney-oak.* No doubt an oak with a rabbit-hole under it.—WALKER.

92. *Stays upon something: i.e.* stops on scenting something.

102. *God for his passion;* an unmeaning oath, usually

softened into *Cock's passion.* So in *The Taming of the Shrew.* iv. 1, 114,—'*Cock's passion*, silence!' Cf. also, *All's Well that Ends Well*, v. 2, 41. It also occurs many times, as Mr. Halliwell points out, in Heywood's *Edward IV.*

ib. *What* make *you here? i.e.* what *do* you here?

108. *Sir* Ralph, so Q. 6; Q. 1-5, *Arthur.*

117. *Hot-shots.* Defined by Halliwell as foolish, inconsiderate fellows; by Nares as a class of soldiers, perhaps skirmishers. The former is more applicable to the expression in the text. It is used in the latter sense in Webster and Dekker's *Sir Thomas Wyatt*, p. 179, col. 2, ed. Dyce:—

'Martial men, men of good stomachs, very *hot-shots.*'

120. *A noise about* here *in the Chase.* Q. 1-3 read, *about her;* Q. 4-6, *about us.* Tyrrell adopts the reading of the later quartos.

122. *Hapd'st:* Q. 2, 4-6, *hapnedst.*

126. Horsed *their deer.* I take it that this means they placed the deer on a wooden frame-work—horse, or carried it on their shoulders.

129. *That;* Q. 5-6 *the.*

133. *You suspected*; Q. 5-6, *you* have *suspected.*

ib. *Zounds;* Q. 4-6, as usual, read *nounes.*

140. *Keep them play; i.e.* keep them employed.

ib. *Them;* Q. 3, *him.*

ACT IV. SCENE 2.

1. *Dark;* Q. 3, *black.*

6. *Consort;* Q. 4-6, *consorts.*

11. Q. 2, 3 omit the *a* in this line.

30. *Clomb*, climbed. So in *Apius and Virginia*, v. 3,—

'I hal'd thee after when I *clomb* my state.'

32. *Good;* Q. 5, 6, *goodman*, which Tyrrell adopts.

36. *Parsonage;* Q. 1-3, *parsonages.*

40. *Villainy;* so Q. 1-3; Q. 4-6, *knavery*, which Tyrrell

adopts.

43. *'S foot;* Q. 4-6, *foot.*

46. *Mareterraneum skinker.* The Host means he will serve the Duke of Norfolk as true skinker—*i.e.* tapster—by sea and land.

48. *By the Lord;* Q. 4-6, *by the mass.*

65. *Lord* omitted in Q. 4-6.

70. This speech is given to the 'Priest' in Q. 1-3.

80. *Roomer.* Thus explained by Halliwell.—'To go or put roomer, to tack about before the wind. An old sea term very incorrectly explained 'a very large ship' by Ash and others.' Cf. Chettle's *Hoffman*, i. 2,—'Rouse, quoth the ship agninst the rocks; *roomer*, cry I in the cock.' Also *Apolonius and Silla*, p. 393, ed. Hazlitt:—'This storm continued all that day and the next night, and they being driven to put *roomer* before the wind, to keep the galley ahead the billow.'

ACT V. SCENE 1.

S. D. *Sir Arthur, Sir Ralph;* Q. 1-5 reverse this order—*Ralph, . . Arthur.*

ib. *Trussing their points; i.e.* tying the tagged laces which fastened the breeches to the hose. Cf. *Westward Ho*, ii. 1:—'Enter Honeyauckle in his night-cap, *trussing* himself.

10. *Leave*, cease, abandon. Further on, l. 97, it is apparently used in the second sense, *q.v.*

27. *'S foot;* Q. 4-6 *foot.*

28. *Firk*, whip, beat.

40. *Griefs;* Q. 3-6, *grief.*

42. *A nun in* approbation *of her habit.*
Properly speaking it should be *probation, i.e.* trial before entrance into monastic life; noviciate. Shakespeare, however, uses the former expression in *Measure for Measure,*

i. 3, 63-4:—

'This day should my sister the cloister enter,
And there receive her *approbation*.'

Again, in the latter form, v. 1, 72-3:—

'I, in *probation* of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother.'

49. *The;* Q. 2, 4-6, *this.* Tyrrell follows the later 4tos.

52. *Is the wind in that door?* A proverbial saying, meaning—Is that so? Do matters stand thus? Cf. Greene and Peele's *A Looking Glass for London and England*, i. 3, 18:—'Is the wind in that door?' Again, 1 *Henry IV.* iii. 3, 93:—'How now, lad? is the wind in that door, i'faith?'

58. Nor *bear with me.* Collier suggested *now;* but the construction is—There is no need to spare me; I am prepared for the worst, and can hear to hear the whole truth.

70. *Admit it be so;* Q. 5, 6, *admit it* to *be so.*

72. Disclaim *not yet* thy *counsel and advice.*

Here *disclaim* seems to be used in the sense of deny, disown, renounce. So in *King Lear*, i. 1, 116,—

'Here I *disclaim* all my parental care.'

For *thy*, Q. 4-6 read *my*, wrongly.

81. *Ghostly father* Frequently used by Shakespeare.

82. *Th' unbanded marriage; i.e.* unbonded; a marriage for which, at present, no bond has been given. Warnke and Proescholdt read *intended.*

85. Break *our minds;* open, disclose. So in *The Spanish Tragedy*, iv. 1, 116,—

'Then 'gan he *break* his passion to a friend.'

87. *Colour.* See note *ante*, i. 1, 83.

97. *Leave*, abandon.

100. *My;* Q. 1, 3, *the.*

122. *a*, he.

130. *Is not this the George? The signs have been changed.*

Dr. Walker remarks,—'It appears from v. 2, 155, [here 165] that Smug has been disguised as St. George; but why the plot should have required two St. Georges is an unexplained mystery.' The mystery is probably due to curtailment or corruption. The author no doubt introduced the confusion for the purpose of misleading the knights. As Mr. Fleay says, the play is here unintelligible without reference to Thomas Brewer's prose work.

ib. *Before* God; Q. 4-6, *Jove.*

132. *'Sfoot;* Q. 4-6, *foot.*

ACT V. SCENE 2.

1. *Speak:* Hazlitt reads, *speed.*

2. *How now, my old jennets balk my house, my castle.*

The quartos read,—*How now, my old jenerts* hanke, *my horse, my castle.* This unintelligible passage has sorely perplexed editors, and several attempts have been made to reduce the unreadable nonsense to readable sense. Steevens tackled the knotty puzzle, and endeavoured to explain *old Jenerts banke* as referring to the shop of some banker noted for its stability; he also substituted *house* for *horse;* but the emendation left the passage little better than it was. Mr. W. C. Hazlitt next came forward with a revised reading —*my old jennets* back? *my house* [is] *my castle*—which is certainly an improvement. Mr. Fleay made a more ambitious attempt to solve the mystery, and his emendation at least, has the merit of ingenuity. He says:—'I have also found a trace of the name Oldcastle in the unexplained passage in the last scene, in which no entrance of Sir John is marked. The Host says,—'How now, my old Jenert's Bank, my horse, my castle!' I conjecture that the MS. from which this was printed stood thus:—

'Old J. enters castle, Banks. | *Host.* How now, my, my, my horse.'

The Host is astounded at the trick played with his sign. The printer not seeing this, thrust the marginal direction into the text, whence the astounding reading of the editions.' Messrs Warnke and Proescholdt next attacked the obstinate passsge and effectually solved it by substituting *bauk* (the old form of *balk*) for *banke* of the old copies. The simple fact of a *u*—a letter so fruitful of confusion in our old drams—being turned upside down by a careless compositor, confounded the sagacity of editors and prevented them seeing the true reading of the passage.

8. *Doubtful*, omitted by Q. 2, 4-6.

10. *Overthwart*, opposite, over the way. So in *Westward Ho*, v. 4:—

'*Hon.* How does my wife, Master Monopoly?

Mon. Who? my *overthwart* neighbour?'

12. *Catastrophe.* See note to ii. 1, 8.

14. *Yellows*, jaundice. *Yellows* is a disease common to horses.

16. *The villainous world is turned* manger. Hazlitt reads *mangy*. The meaning seems to be, as Walker says, the world is a manger from which each person snatches as much as he can get, and the ostler cheats all.

20. *Moiling'st*, most toilsome.

24. *'S foot;* Q. 4-6, *foote.*

54. *Thou art an actor in this.* Apparently the Host does not believe in the genuineness of Jerningham's anger; he is simply acting the part for reasons of his own, and being conscious of his deceit, his face has 'coloured up', *i.e.* become red and burning—like Bardolph's nose—and therefore he shall carry fire in it for ever.

56. *'S blood;* Q. 4-6, *nouns.*

57. *Trinidado sack.* I am unable to give any explanation of, or reference to *Trinidado sack.* Judging from the text, it was apparently a wine imported from Trinidad, of a

somewhat fiery nature. Halliwell quotes the following couplet from *Letting of Humours Blood in the Head-Vaine*, 1600:—

'I care no more to kill them in braveado,
Than for to drink a pipe of *Trinedado.*'

Query—Is the Host alluding to this poem? His next words are—'Is any man here *humorous?*' *i.e.* perverse, capricious.

67. *Pray;* Q. 3, *pray you.*

ib. *I could fight now for all the world like a cockatrice's egg.* I do not quite see the cogency of this sentence. Walker explains it—'with as deadly effect as a young cockatrice,' and suggests the true reading is *eye.* This yields better sense, as the cockatrice was believed to kill by the glance of its eye. Throughout the play Master Smug is singular—and original—in his expressions, which must not be pressed too hard for a meaning. Perhaps the author had in his mind *Isaiah*, lix. 5,—'They hatch *cockatrice' eggs*, and weave the spider's web: he that eateth of their eggs dieth, and that which is crushed breaketh out into a *viper.*' I suppose Smug means he could fight with as deadly effect as a viper.

70. *Skipper*, a boistrous, frolicsome young fellow. Used by Shakespeare once, *Taming of the Shrew*, ii. 1. 332. Cf. the 'summer-leaping swain' of *Edward III.* ii. 1, 107.

80. *Her;* Q. 5, 6, *on her.*

95. *Were you an actor in your own love's abuse?*
Did you help in the plot to defeat the plan of marriage between yourself and Millicent?—WALKER.

103. *Old coverlids;* Q. 4-6 omit *old.*

S. D. *Enter Fabell, [Bilbo and Smug].* The entrance of Fabell is not marked in Q. 1-3; Q. 4, 5 have *Fabian;* Q. 6 *Fabell.* None of the editions mark the entrance of Bilbo and Smug, but they are both on the scene later on.

114. *If that matter should be* called in question; *i.e.* enquired into. So in *King Leir*, ii. 6;—'If he be *called in question* for opening the king's letters.' Also *ib.* iii. 2, and *The Devil's Law Case*, iv. 2.

129. *Upon the skirts of* art. Fabell alludes to his magic art.

131. *Performancy*, a rather uncommon word.

144. *Sir John.* The quartos read, *Sir George;* Hazlitt's correction. Brooke queries *St George*, and thinks it is possible the Host was addressing Smug, who had played the part of St. George during the night. See l. 166.

ib. *Noise*, a band of musicians. So in *Westward Ho*, ii. 3,—'Were 't not a rare jest, if they should come sneaking upon us, like a horrible *noise* of fiddlers?'

157. *Smug*, how chance *you cut so plaguily behind? i.e. how came* you, etc. So in *Arden of Feversham*, ii. 3, 37:—

'*How chance* your face is so bloody?'

Also *Soliman and Perseda*, v. 3, 13:—

'But *how chance*
Your Turkish bonnet is not on your head?'

165. *Did we not last night find two St. Georges here?* Brooke regards this allusion of Jerningham's to two St. Georges as a slip; but I think the author intended to create the impression that there were two—a real one, and a fictitious one as a decoy to Sir Arthur and Sir Ralph, while the marriage ceremony was being performed at the real one. The sign of the real George inn had been removed by Smug to the inn opposite; the deception was successful; the knights put up there thinking they were in the real George inn, and did not discover till the next morning that it was not Master Blague's house. This it was that occasioned Jerningham's question; and Fabell to smooth the deception assures him there were two St. Georges, and that

Smug was one of them. From ll. 104-8, it would appear the Host was in the plot for the removal of his sign by Smug under the direction of Fabell.

166. *This martialist.* Spoken ironically of Smug who that night played the part of St. George—on horseback—and declared he would be St. George again. *Martialist* means a soldier.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

I. TEXTS.

1. *The Merry Devill of Edmonton. As it has beene sundry times Acted, by his Maisties Seruants, at the Globe, on the banke-side. London, Printed by Henry Ballard for Arthur Iohnson dwelling at the signe of the white-horse in Paules Church yard, ouer against the great North doore of Paules.* 1608. 4to.

2. Another edition, 1612. *Printed for Arthur Iohnson.* 4to.

3. Another edition, 1617. *Printed for Arthur Iohnson.* 4to.

4. Another edition, 1626. *Printed by A. M. for Francis Faulkner, and are to be sold at his Shoppe neere unto S. Margarites Hill in Southwark.* 4to.

5. Another edition, 1631. *Printed by T. P. for Francis Faulkner.* 4to.

6. Another edition, 1655. *Printed for W. Gilbertson, and are to be sold at his Shop at the Sign of the Bible in Giltspur-street, without Newgate.* 4to.

7. *A Select Collection of Old Plays* (Dodsley's 1st edition). *London*, 1744. 8vo. Vol. xi.

8. Second edition of Dodsley's *Old Plays* (edited by Isaac Reed). *London*, 1780. 8vo. Vol. v.

9. *The Antient British Drama* (edited by Sir W. Scott). *London & Edinburgh*, 1810. 8vo. Vol. ii.

10. Tieck, L., *Altenglisches Theatre, Supplemente zum*

Shakespeare, übersetzt und herausgegeben von L. Tieck. 2 Bände. *Berlin*, 1811. 8vo.

Merry devil of Edmonton, Vol ii.

11. Collier, J P., Third edition of Dodsley's *Old Plays. London*, 1825. 8vo. Vol. v.

12. Döring, H., *Der lustige Teufel von Edmonton, übersetzt von H. Döring Gotha*, 1833. 2. Aufl. 1840.

A German translation.

13. Ortlepp, Ernst, *Nachträge zu Shakespeare's Werken von Schlegel und Tieck* 4 Bde. *Stuttgart*, 1840.

Der lustige Teufel von Edmonton. Vol. ii.

14. Tyrrell, Henry, *Doubtful Plays of Shakspere. London*, 1851-3. pp. 300-23.

15. Hazlitt, W. C. Fourth edition of Dodsley's *Old Plays. London*, 1874-6. 8vo. Vol. x.

16. Warnke, Karl, and Proescholdt, Ludwig, *The Merry Devil of Edmonton. Revised and edited with Introduction and Notes. Halle*, 1884. 8vo.

Pauedo Shakespearian Plays II.

17. Hopkinson, A. F., *Shakespeare's Doubtful Plays. London*, 1891. 8vo.

18. Walker, Hugh, *The Merry Devil of Edmonton. A Comedy. Edited with a Preface, Notes and Glossary. London*, 1897. 8vo.

Temple Dramatists.

19. Brooke, C. F. Tucker, *The Shakespeare Apocrypha. London*, 1908. 8vo.

The Merry Devil of Edmonton, pp. 263-84.

20. Farmer, John S., *The Merry Devil of Edmonton.* A Facsimile of Q. 1, 1608. *London*, 1911. 4to.

Tudor Facsimile Texts.

21. Gayley, Charles Mills, *Representative English Comedies. With Index and brief notes. London*, 1913. 8vo.

Vol. II. Contains *The Merry Devil of Edmonton* and other plays.

II. CRITICISM, SOURCE OF PLOT, &c.

1. *Biographia Dramatica.* Third edition, 1812, Compiled by Stephen Jones. Vol. iv. p. 37.

Mentions Fuller's *Church History*, and the Chronicles of Henry VII's reign as [in part] the source of plot.

2. Brewer, Thomas, *The Life and Death of the Merry Devil of Edmonton, with the pleasant prankes of Smugge the Smythe, Sir John, and mine Host of the George, about their stealynge of Venson.* By T. B. 1631.

It is next to impossible that the author of the play could have made any use of this prose work. See Introduction.

3. Brooke, C. F. Tucker, *The Shakespeare Apocrypha. Oxford*, 1908. *The Merry Devil of Edmonton.* Introduction, pp. xxxvi-viii.

4. Fleay, Fredk. Gard, *A Chronicle History of the Life and Work of William Shakespeare. London*, 1886.

The Merry Devil of Edmonton, pp. 294-6.

5.———, *A Biographical Chronicle of the English Drama. London*, 1891. pp. 313-14.

6. Friesen, H. Freiherr von, *Flüchtige Bemerkungen über einige Stücke, welche Shakespeare zugeschrieben werden.* Jahrbuch der deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft I. pp. 160-5. 1865.

Discusses *The Merry Devil of Edmonton.*

7. Hazlitt, William, *Lectures on the Dramatic Literature of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth. Merry Devil of Edmonton* in Lecture V. pp. 169-70 (ed. 1870.

8. Hazlitt, W. C., *Introduction* to his edition of Dodsley, Vol. x. *London*, 1874.

9. Hopkinson, A. F., *Essay on The Merry Devil of Edmonton. London*, 1899.

10. Horn, Franz, *Shakespeare's Schauspiele erläutert* 5 Vols. *Leipsig*, 1823.

The Merry Devil of Edmonton, Vol. v.

11. Knight, Charles, *Pictorial Edition of the Works of Shakspere.* Supplementary volume. *London*, 1843.

The Merry Devil of Edmonton, pp. 315-23.

12. Lamb, Charles, *Specimens of the English Dramatic Poets, &c. London*, 1854, pp. 45-9.

Quotes from *The Merry Devil of Edmonton* part of i. 3, and part of iii. 1, with commentary note.

13. Lee, Sidney, *A Life of William Shakespeare. London*, 1898.

The Merry Devil of Edmonton, pp. 181, 258.

14, Simpson, Richard, *The School of Shakspere. London*, 1878, 2 Vols.

The Merry Devil of Edmonton, Vol. ii. pp. 404-5.

15. Tieck, L., *Altenglischee Theatre, oder Supplemente zum Shakespeare.* 2 Vols. *Berlin*, 1811.

Preface to *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, Vol. ii.

16. Tyrrell, Henry, *Doubtful Plays of Shakspere. London*, 1851-3. Preface to *The Merry Devil of Edmonton.*

17. Ulrici, Hermann, *Shakespeare's Dramatic Art.* Translated by L. Dora Schmitz. *London*, 1889. 2 Vols.

The Merry Devil of Edmonton, Vol. ii., pp. 368-70.

18. Walker, Hugh, Preface to his edition, pp. v-ix. Temple Dramatists, 1897.

19. Ward, A. W., *A History of English Dramatic Literature. London*, 1874. 2 Vols.

The Merry Devil of Edmonton, Vol. ii.

20. Warnke, Karl, and Proescholdt, Ludwig, Preface to their edition. *Halle*, 1884.

PHRASE INDEX.

A, (he) iv. 1; v. 1
accidents, future, ii. 3
a-dreamed, iii. 2
affected to you, i. 2
a-footing, v. 2
all-advised corruption, ii. 3
all's one for that, iv. 1
an (if), ii. 1
anchorets, iii. 1
angel-like proportions, i. 3
anvil, ii. 1
approbation for a nun, i. 3
art (magic), ind; i. 2
artichokes, ii. 3
ashes on your head, iii. 1
attournment, i. 2
aves, iii. 1

Bachelor of music, v. 2
balk, v. 2
barracado, v. 2
beads, iii. 1
beardless novice, ii. 3
becomes a devil, ind.
belfry, iv. 2
bend in the hams, i. 3
benedicite, iii. 2
bid your beads, iii. 1
black curtain, pro.
bleak northern winds, i. 3
boor illiterate, ii. 1
boor of the country, ii. 1
boot (avail), v. 2
bosom, my dear, iii. 2
bosonians, ii. 1
bottom (low ground), iv. 1
brangled, ii. 2
break our minds, v. 1
brined sea, i. 3
broker, ii. 3
buak, iii. 1
bustle for the set, i. 3
bustle with your father, iv. 1
busy baga, i. 3

Called in question, v. 2
cane-tobacco, i. 1
calves in the marsh, iii. 2
canon-law, iii. 1
canvassadoes, i. 1
Capuchin, iii. 2
carriers' jades, i. 3
Castilian dialogues, ii. 1
catastrophe, tickles our, ii. 1
catastrophe, I'll tickle his, v
chamberlains, neat, i. 2 [2
chance you, how, v. 2
Charles' wain, i. 2
chattels, i. 1
Cheaton nunnery, i. 1
cleanly quit her, iii. 2
clomb, iv. 2
cockatrice's egg, v. 2
colonels, knights and, ii. 1
colour (disguise), i. 1, 3; v. 1
comedies in hand, v. 2

composition, pro.
composure, ii. 3
coney-oak, iv, 1
confession, iii. 2
conjunction copulative, v. 2
conjure, iv. 2
conjurations, v. 2
Cooper's Dictionary, i. 2
copulative, v. 2
consort (company), ii. 1, v. 2
consul, my precious, iv. 1
contrite, iii. 1
corruption, that, i. 1
cough a' th' lunge, i. 3
counterfeit, i. 3
coverlids, v. 2
covey of partridges, v. 2
cowl, under 's, v. 1
crab-fish, 1. 2
creep unto the cross, iii. 1
credit of mine ears, i. 3
cross (thwart), i. 3; v. 1, 2
crosses of love, i. 1
crosses, there are, i. 1
Cupid wanton, make, i. 3
curfew, iv. 2
cushion, thrust beside, iii. 1
cut (a horse), i. 3
cut (sharp stroke), v. 2
cutpurse, ii. 3

Damnation dog thee, ii. 2
dampish fen, i. 3
dangerous whirlpools, ind.
day-proclaiming cock, i. 3
dear bosom, my, iii. 2
deed of darkness, iv. 2
depth of hell, ind.
Destinies, the, i. 2
devil cross thee, i. 3
devil is sick, ind.
devoured with zeal, iii. 1
direful invocations, pro.
discontinuance, i. 2
disconsolate, i. 3 [iii. 1
dispensation from th'church
dossers, i. 3
dove, his mother's, i. 3
dowager, i. 3
drift (intention), iii. 2
drop a bead, iii. 1
dumps, i. 3

Elf, iii. 2
element, in another, v. 2 [2
element, man of another, iv.
elements, the four, i. 1
eunuch, iv. 2
evil spirit, iii. 2
excellent intellect, an, i. 1

Face of winter, i. 3
fadge, ii. 2
fairy, iii. 2
false fox, i. 3
fatal chime, ind.
fee-simple, i. 2; v. 2
fellowe (companions), iv. 1
filberts, iv. 2
fire in thy face, carry, v. 2
firk him, I'll, v. 1
founder you, I'll, v. 2
four elements, the, i. 1
fox, i. 3
freehold, my, i. 1
frolic, i. 2

Gear, i. 3
geldings, i. 1
Geneva print, ii. 1
ghosts, iv. 2
ghostly counsel, iii. 2
ghostly father, iii. 2 *bis*, v. 1
Giberalters, nimble, i. 2
glued their hands, i. 1
goblins, iv. 2
God for his passion, iv. 1
God's blessed angel, ii. 2
Goddesses and Destinies, ii.1
Gogmagogs, ii. 1
grapple, shall's not, v. 2
great with laughter, iii. 2

grey-beards, i. 3
groaning love, i. 3

Habit (garb), iii. 2 *bis*, v. 1
hair-cloth, iii. 1
handful high, iii. 1
handsomely, iii. 1
harborough, i. 2
hard-hearted plots, i. 1
heart's truest sovereign, i. 1
hell consume thee, ii. 2
Hebrew, my little, v. 2
Holofernes, iv. 1
holy aves, iii. 1
hollow howling, ind.
hollowness, your, ind.
Homer and Iliads, i. 1
honourable hulks, your, i. 2
hoodman-blind, i. 3
horsed their deer, iv. 1
horse tricks, i. 3
hot-shots, iv. 1
hug (hunting term), ii. 1
hugger-mugger, i. 3
humorous, v. 2
Hungarians, ii. 1
Hungarian pilchers, iv. 1
hunting terms, i. 2
huswife, ii. 2

Idolatress, iii. 2
inn-keeper, good sinful, i. 1
intellect, excellent, i. 1
interrogatories, i. 1
invoking spells, pro.
iron in an anvil, while there 's, ii. 1

Jades, v. 2
jennets, v. 2
jest takes fire, iii. 2
jesting, regardless, i. 3
Jesu's daughter, iii. 1
Jews, a couple of, iii. 1
jointure, i. 3 *bis*
Juventus, young, v. 2

Keep him play, iv. 1
kindle pleasure, iii. 1
knavery, here's no, iii. 1
knights and competitors, i. 2
knights commanders, i. 2
knights of the subsidy, i. 2
knit your foreheads, v. 2

Latins, sing your, iii. 1
leap-frog, ii. 2
leave (cease, abandon), v. 1
leave tricks, v. 2
lecher, v. 2
leprous, ii. 2
liberal arts, i. 3
limed in polluted mud, ii. 2
list, i. 3
liver and the lights, ii. 1
lobster pies, ii. 3
lock fast, ii. 1 [i. 1
love hath two chairs of state
lover's rash attempt, v. 2
Lucifer, as black as, iv. 2
Lucifer's dread name, ind.

Madcap, i. 3
magic, i. 3
maimed, iii. 1
man of action, iv. 1
manger, turned, v. 2
mart of dirt, ii. 3
martialist, v. 2
matins, iii. 1
Mary's child, iii. 1
measure of thy grace, i. 3
melancholy nights, i. 3
Mareterraneum skinker, iv. 2
merriment (sport), v. 2
metaphysics, i. 3
Metropolitan, iv. 1
mettled gentleman, i. 3
milkmaid's cuts, i. 3
minister of darkness, ind.
Mirth herself, i. 3
mocked my love, i. 3
morning's mass, iii. 1

mortified with fasting, iii. 1
mouth of hell, i. 3
my daughter, iv. 1
my dear, iv. 1

Necromancer, iii. 2
necromantic chair, pro.
new-intended match, i. 3
nightingale, i. 3
nightly jigs, i. 3 [v. 2
noise (band of musicians),
nose beside the cushion, iii.1
nostrils of his chimney, i. 1
nutcracker, the beat, iv. 2

Orient and precious jewel, ii
orthography, i. 2 [2
overgive, i. 3
overlook my doings, iii. 2
overreach the devil, ind.
overthwart, v. 2
overwhelm, ind.

Pale retirement, ii. 3
paradox, I am a, iv. 2
parle (talk), ii. 3
passion (grief), i. 2
paternoster, i. 1
penance, iii. 2
performancy, v. 2
perpetual being, ind.
Phæthonic flames, ind.
Philistine fox, ii. 1
Philistines, iv. 1
philosophy, secret deep, i. 3
pikestaff, v. 2
pilcher, iv. 1
plaguily, v. 2
poor minutes, the, i. 3
porcupine, ind. [v. 2
precedent i'the canon law,
pretend (intend), i. 3
private prayers, most, i. 1
prone unto this life, iii. 1
Psalter, iii. 1
punctilios, i. 2
Puritans, i. 2

Quean, iii. 1
quick (alive), i. 1

Ravished from a nunnery, v
recluse iii. 1 [1
recorded in hell, ind.
recourse, iii. 2
releases, i. 2
religious nun, i. 1
renounce your defiance, v. 2
repentent soul, iii, 1
repose you there, iii. 2
reserve me, spirit, ind.
respect, I not, i. 2
ring this round, pro.
roomer, cry, iv. 2
rougher spite, ii. 3
round, this, pro.
roundly to her shrift, iii. 2

Sable sleights, pro.
sable visaged night, pro.
safeguards, i. 1 s.d.
Saint Dennis, i. 1
sacring bell, iii. 1
's blood, ii. 1
scamble, iii. 2
scholar-like terms, i. 2
sciences, liberal, iv. 1
scruple of conscience, iii. 1
sea-card, i. 2
seeking to be a god, ind.
sever (disperse), iv. 1
severed, iv. 1
's foot, iv. 2
shall 's, i. 2
shrift, iii. 2 *bis*
sign-post, v. 2
sinister practices, iii. 2
skeins, ii. 2
skinker, iv, 2
skipper, v. 2
skirts of art, v. 2
sleights, ii. 3; iii. 1

'a life, iv. 1
slow-paced hours, i. 3
slubber, i. 3
soars, froward parents', ii. 2
solemn dumps, i. 3
Spindle's noise, v. 2
spirits walk by night, i. 1
spleens, iii. 2
sportive as the kid, i. 3
springs, wanton, i. 3
stays upon, iv. 1
stayed (stopped), v. 2
stern and horrid shape, ind.
stiffened hair, ind.
still (constantly), v. 1
stitches, troubled with, i. 3
stone priest, iv. 1
storm, *v.* (rave), v. 2
strike (conclude), i. 3
swaggering Puritans, i. 2
swoon of joy, iii. 2

Take me with you, ii. 1
taking (agitation), ii. 1
tall (stout, bold), iii. 2
Tartarian, i. 1
teehee, weehee, cry, ii 2
tell your needs, iii. 1
third heavens, the, iv. 1
tickle him, I'll,
tickling mirth, iii. 2
tide of discontent, ii. 3
tippet, turn, iii. 2
toiled, pro.
toll your knell, iii. 1
to-morrow day, iii. 1
to-night (last night), iii. 2
top and top-gallent, i. 1
torments, my, i. 1
toys (trifles), iii. 1
trembling horror, i. 1
Trinidado sack, v. 2
twelvemonths approbation, ii. 2; iii, 1

Ugly fiend, iii. 2
unbagged, iii. 2
unbanded marriage, v. 1
undergo this veil, iii. 2
unsetting star, bright, ii. 2
untamed passion, ii. 2
untoward world, ii. 2

Velvet, true as, iv. 1
vengeance take thy art, ind.
via, i. 2
villainous rank feet, i. 1
villainous vicar, iv. 1
virgo, sign of, ii. 3
votary, v. 2
Vulcan a rogue to him, i. 1

Wanton springs, i. 3
waste, i. 1
watchful dogs, ind.
weak frailty, ii. 3
weighty spells, v. 2
whet their skeins, ii. 2
whirlpools, ind.
white broth, i. 1
will (desire), i. 2
willow, iii. 2
wind in your calves, i. 2
wind, a plague of this, ii. 1
wind in that door, is the, v.1
wind there, stands the, iii. 2
wind, up the, iv. 1
wink at deformities, ii. 3
winter, face of, i. 3
woe with woe, i. 2

Yeast in 't, it had, iv. 1
yellows, the, v. 2

Zona torrida, iv. 1
zounds, iii. 2; iv. 1